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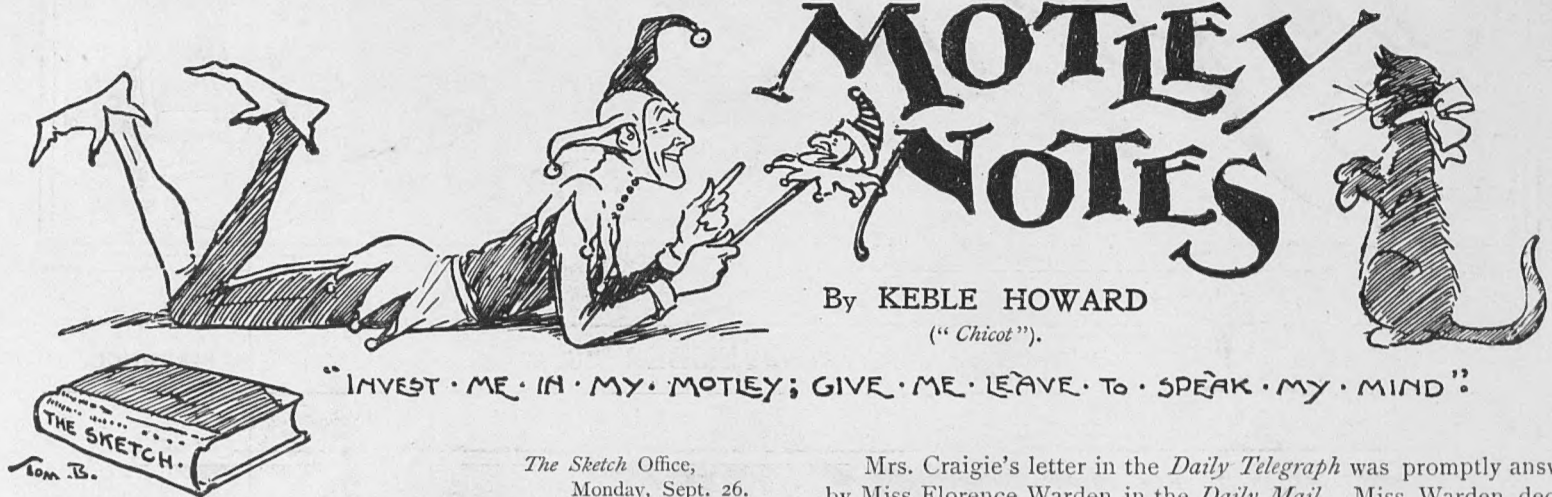
SIXPENCE.



MISS ZENA DARE, THE LATEST "STAR" OF MUSICAL COMEDY.

MISS DARE HAS MADE A DECIDED HIT AS THE MODERN CINDERELLA IN "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

*Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"

The Sketch Office,  
Monday, Sept. 26.

ONE of the most pleasant features of modern journalism is the custom of recording the birthdays of celebrities. From our youth up, we have all learnt to be kind to people on their birthdays, if on no other occasion, and the up-to-date journalist is ever ready to recognise the pretty courtesy. Thus it happens that, from day to day, one learns many interesting details about the earlier lives of eminent folk that would otherwise be forgotten altogether. On Friday last, for example, the *Daily Chronicle* reminded us of the fact that Mr. William Archer, the well-known dramatic critic of the *World*, had had some experience of sheep-farming in Australia. I wish the writer had gone on, however, to draw an analogy between William Archer and King David. Both of them, you see, spent many peaceful hours among their fathers' sheep, and both of them forsook a life of gentle reflection to do battle with the Philistines. Do you remember the description of Goliath, the terrible Philistine whom David slew? "He had an helmet of brass upon his head, and he was clad with a coat of mail; and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass. And he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a javelin of brass between his shoulders. And the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam; and his spear weighed six hundred shekels of iron; and his shield-bearer went before him."

An imposing-looking fellow, you see, but not a whit more magnificent than Mr. William Archer's Philistine, the Goliath that we call Musical Comedy. Compare, I ask you, the modest description I have just quoted with any newspaper account of a new musical comedy produced by Mr. George Edwardes! The helmet of brass becomes a tiara of diamonds; the coat of mail fades into insignificance beside the Parisian gown. As for the shield-bearer, you may read, for the purposes of the analogy, "And his press-agent went before him." Let Mr. Archer take heart, then, from the triumphant success of that other keeper of sheep. His slinging, up to the present, has had very little effect on the modern Goliath, but there are many more pebbles in the brook of language, the brook that flows on for ever. And he may be sure that the Philistines, when they see their champion dead, will flee even unto Gath. May I, for one, be at hand to take my share in the spoiling of their camp.

The lady-novelists are enjoying themselves tremendously just now. They are discussing, at great length and in the most widely-circulating daily journals, the inspiring, delightful, ever-fresh question of marriage. John Oliver Hobbes began it. In a long letter, addressed to the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, she accused the modern woman of making herself too cheap. In case you should think me slangy, let me justify myself by quoting Mrs. Craigie's actual words: "They appraise themselves not too dearly, but far too cheaply." Then, remembering that the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* held something like two thousand words, she proceeded to amplify the accusation. "Modern women," wrote John Oliver Hobbes deliberately, "give bachelors no time to miss them, and no opportunity to need them; their devotion is undisciplined, and it becomes a curse rather than a blessing to its object." Now that is a strong thing to say, even for a lady-novelist dealing with her own sex. Mrs. Craigie evidently thought so too, for she hastened to add: "Why? Because women have this strange power of concentration and self-abnegation in their love; they cannot do enough to prove their kindness." In other words, the modern bachelor is surrounded by a crowd of self-abnegating women, who, by their very devotion and unselfishness, make his life a curse to him! Haven't we got into a little bit of a tangle, dear John Oliver Hobbes?

Mrs. Craigie's letter in the *Daily Telegraph* was promptly answered by Miss Florence Warden in the *Daily Mail*. Miss Warden declared that Mrs. Craigie's letter was a libel on modern womanhood. Women did not make themselves too cheap. On the contrary: "If," Miss Warden cried proudly, "a man enjoys such companionship, on irresponsible terms, to a considerable degree, experience shows that in one way or another he is fairly sure to be made to pay heavily in the long run." Miss Florence Warden, you see—pardon my repeating the name Warden so often; it is Miss Warden's own fault for not having adopted a male pseudonym—Miss Warden resented the idea of any woman indulging in "suicidal unselfishness." She even went so far, on behalf of her sex, as to boast that "the average vain young man is pretty sure to fall a victim to one of the unmarried ladies who make much of him." What do you say to that, my dear John Oliver Hobbes? What becomes of your self-abnegation now, my dear Mrs. Craigie? Miss Warden would admit, probably, the concentration, but she would mean by the term the kind of concentration that the snake brings to bear on the rabbit. The poor bachelor, therefore, is no nearer the solution of the problem. Speaking as one of them, I think the best course to pursue, my brothers, is to accept the blessing and avoid the curse.

By the way, it may interest John Oliver Hobbes to hear of a little conversation that I had with a lady friend of mine on the subject of Mrs. Craigie's letter. The conversation took place in my rooms, the lady being sufficiently unselfish to take tea there about twice a year.

"I suppose you know," said I, "that you are appraising yourself far too cheaply?"

She snatched at the cutting, and glanced through it hastily. "Then you admit," she retorted, "that you are the average vain young man, egoistic by organism and education?"

Recovering the printed slip, I bowed low and replied: "The fact that I remain unmarried is no proof that I am insensible to the charm of a woman's companionship. It's your turn."

"Give me the cutting, then."

"Why? Can't you say something of your own?"

"In the same vein, do you mean?"

"If you like. I'll give you five minutes to think."

She buried her face in her gloves. Long before the five minutes were up, however, my self-abnegating companion began to laugh.

"Laughter doesn't solve problems," I said, sternly.

"No," was the naïve reply, "but it often seems to help."

Fortune never smiles but she roars. No sooner had Miss Eleanor Robson insisted on Mr. Zangwill's short story, "Merely Mary Ann," being turned into a play than Miss Cissie Loftus wrote to Mr. Zangwill begging him to make a play of "The Serio-Comic Governess." Mr. Zangwill, who would also seem to have a spice of self-abnegation in his nature, promptly complied with both requests. In the case of "Merely Mary Ann," he tacked on a bad last Act in order to provide the necessary happy ending. After all, he was merely emulating Lancelot, his own hero. Lancelot, you will remember, wrote a lot of bad music in order to make a lot of good money. Mr. Zangwill, luckily enough, was only compelled to write one bad Act: the other three are as good as the original story. I shall be interested to see whether he makes a similar concession in the case of "The Serio-Comic Governess." The ending of this story is far more tragic than the original ending of "Merely Mary Ann." No audience, I am afraid, would tolerate it for a moment: at any rate, not a succession of audiences sufficiently lengthy to make the piece a commercial success. Will Mr. Zangwill, I wonder, put his tongue into his other cheek in order that he may put money into his other pocket? The gesture, in any case, is not particularly becoming. I would beseech him not to allow it to develop into a mannerism.

LONDONERS AT PLAY: SATURDAY AFTERNOON AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



## THE CLUBMAN.

*Exit the Brodrick Hat—Alterations in Clubland.*

THE Brodrick hat is to go, and it will go unwept. Thomas Atkins, who is the person most concerned in the matter, took a dislike to the cap as soon as it was issued, and, though Mr. Atkins dislikes all innovations, his objection to the cap has lasted so long and has been so vigorously expressed that to retain it would be to throw added difficulty in the way of recruiting. The idea of the cap was sound enough. If ten people were asked what the most sensible men's head-dress in the world is, probably half of them would answer, "A sailor's cap." It was the sailor's cap without the ribbon and with a badge and a half-moon of facings cloth which became the Brodrick. Unfortunately, the omission and the additions made the cap look like a German fatigue-cap, and the harm was done.

I am old enough, alas, to remember the feeling with which the infantry received the abolition of the little round cap which had been worn since Peninsula days and the substitution of the Glengarry. "Many of the men still feel ashamed to go out of barracks wearing that thing," the drill-sergeant who taught me the goose-step told me, pointing to the little caps with their fluttering tails of ribbon, and I certainly think they were the very worst undress caps ever issued to a patient soldiery. One of the duties I always felt very unwilling to perform was to walk down the back of the lines of my Company on parade "checking" the men whose cap-ribbons were torn. New ribbons meant twopence out of the microscopic pay the men got in those days, and the next windy day would be sure to tear the ribbons again.

When the Prince Consort invented his famous helmet I must have been a very small boy indeed, but I recollect in after years hearing it discussed and the very general disapprobation expressed concerning it. It was something like the postman's helmet of to-day, which much resembles the Austrian infantry's head-dress, and was said not to keep the sun from the wearer's eyes and to direct the rain in a trickle down the back of his neck. I do not know which regiments were victimised by having to wear it, but it soon retired from active service and the only specimen now extant is to be found in the Museum down Whitehall way.

The military head-dress which has always seemed to me the best in the world is that of the Bersaglieri, which is a very strong straw hat covered with waterproof material and converted from "undress" to "dress" by the addition of the plumes of cocks'-feathers. An easy jacket, of course, goes with such a head-dress, and an Italian soldier, with his coat with a turned-down collar, his white linen "stand-up" round his neck in the piping times of peace, a handkerchief taking its place when he goes out manœuvring, is the most sensibly dressed soldier in Europe.

The least sensibly dressed soldiers in the world are—I say it with bated breath—our Household Cavalry in their undress uniform. The

little, tight jacket, the long, very tight overalls, are exactly the garments least fit for a man who wishes to be at ease on horseback: the dress moves any foreigner who sees it for the first time to inordinate mirth and is a treasure to French caricaturists. Any foreign *corps d'élite* told that they must adopt a similar dress would mutiny to a man; but, such is our insular cussedness, if the Life Guards and the Horse Guards were ordered to wear a workmanlike dress off parade, the housemaids of London would demonstrate in Hyde Park and the men themselves would feel that their prestige was gone. When I see the gallant fellows in their new peaked caps, I always feel that, with the addition of a tassel to that cap, with their overalls cut short at the calf and frills added, their dress would be a perfect representation of the costume in which our great-grandfathers used to go to school.

The wash-and-brush-up of Clubland has nearly come to an end, and half the Clubs which have gone visiting the other half will

be back again in their own houses in a week's time. I hear that the members of the Naval and Military Club will find their coffee-coloured smoking-room transformed into a Georgian apartment when they return to it, with spaces for the portraits of the King, the Queen, and the Prince of Wales which the members are going to present themselves with. Another Club which is placing on its walls portraits of our present Sovereigns is the Junior United Service, and I believe that the German Embassy is presenting this Club, which is always most hospitable to foreign officers, with a portrait of the Kaiser. I am told that the United Service is to add a new storey to its building, in imitation of the Athenæum over the way.

## MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S WINTER CAMPAIGN.

The programme of Mr. Chamberlain's winter campaign is now definitely settled. Next Wednesday (Oct. 5) he will visit Luton, where great preparations have been made to give him a hearty welcome. In anticipation of the event, which will undoubtedly attract multitudes of people from the surrounding districts, a temporary hall has been erected, at a cost of something like three thousand pounds. This vast building will accommodate eight thousand people. After the Luton meeting,

Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain go to Italy for a holiday. In December the great champion of Fiscal Reform will address meetings in North Worcester and the East-End of London, in January he will be at Preston, and in the early part of February he is to visit Gainsborough. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speech at the Montreal banquet of Canadian manufacturers on the 23rd inst., together with the message sent to Mr. Chamberlain through Sir Howard Vincent on that occasion, should do not a little to convince English people of the interest our Colonies take in the question at issue.

## LADY CURZON'S ILLNESS.

The serious illness of Lady Curzon of Kedleston has aroused universal sorrow throughout the Empire, and in India the sympathy has extended to the native population, with whom both the Viceroy and his consort are deservedly popular. As we go to press it is announced from Walmer Castle that, although Lady Curzon's condition remains grave, there are slight signs of improvement.



LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

AS WE GO TO PRESS, HER LADYSHIP STILL LIES IN A CRITICAL CONDITION.

Photograph by Baron A. de Meyer.

THE GREAT FISCAL MEETING AT LUTON (Oct. 5):

THE HALL IN WHICH MR. CHAMBERLAIN WILL SPEAK, SPECIALLY ERRECTED AT A COST OF £3000.

(SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.) PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "THE SKETCH" BY THURSTON, LUTON.



THE EXTERIOR OF THE HALL.



THE INTERIOR, SHOWING THE PLATFORM AT THE FAR END AND THE DOOR BY WHICH MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND PARTY WILL ENTER AND LEAVE.

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everything connected with racing, matters for 1904, and fix up  
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you at a glance all you want to know. It is issued to his clients  
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Street, London. Mr. Gant is not here to-day and gone to-morrow,  
but for many years past he has been carrying on a steady business  
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Sept. 28, 1904.

Signature.....

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OCTOBER 1.

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## ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

OCTOBER 1.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.



GOSSEP

# SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE KING is said to have enjoyed his visit to Glen Quoich because, in addition to the excellent sport provided by Lord Burton for his illustrious guest, His Majesty saw something of a part of Scotland hitherto unknown to him. Our King is a great lover of beautiful scenery, and he travelled to Glen Quoich by a somewhat roundabout route, in order that he might see even more of the wilder Highlands than he would otherwise have

done. When in Scotland the Sovereign always wears the kilt, and it is known that he prefers to see his Scotch subjects about him so attired.

*Some Royal Plans.* The King will be at Newmarket early in October, though not at his newly acquired residence, Grafton House, which is now acknowledged to have been purchased for the Sovereign by Sir Stanley Clarke. Grafton House will have several alterations made to it before it is occupied by the Sovereign; until these are completed His Majesty will occupy his usual suite of apartments in the Jockey Club. The King has arranged to pay several important visits to the great nobility during the coming winter, and among other stately homes of England honoured by the presence of the Sovereign will be Crichel, Lord and Lady Alington's beautiful place in Dorset, and Bryanston, Lord Portman's stately mansion in the same county.

*Love in a Palace.* If popular gossip is to be believed, the German Crown Prince has really chosen his very youthful bride-elect according to the dictates of his own heart and not to

please his parents. The German Empress, who is passionately devoted to her children, is said to have no great affection for the brilliant and beautiful Russian Grand Duchess who is to be her eldest son's mother-in-law, and it is whispered that the German Emperor would have liked the Crown Prince to choose the youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland. Be that as it may, "William and Cecilia," as the young couple styled themselves in their formal betrothal messages to their relations and to the leading statesmen of the German Empire, are likely to be very popular in the Fatherland—far more so than were the present Emperor and Empress in the days when they were still Prince and Princess William of Prussia. The Duchess Cecilia is the ideal German girl—tall, fair, and blue-eyed—and the fact that she is sister to one of the future Queens of Denmark makes the marriage diplomatically interesting to the Chancelleries of Europe.



LADY NORAH SPENCER-CHURCHILL, SISTER OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

Photograph by Thomson, New Bond Street, W.

The youngest of the Duke of Marlborough's three sisters can claim one rather curious distinction, that, namely, of being better dowered with notable aunts than is any other girl in the great world. She is niece not only to the remarkable group which, headed by Lady Wimborne, includes the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe and Lady Sarah Wilson, but through her mother, Lady Blandford, Lady Norah can also call "Aunt" the Duchess of Buccleuch and Lady Lansdowne. She is one of the many grand-daughters of the famous nonagenarian Duchess of Abercorn, who has more living descendants than any Englishwoman alive. Lady Norah Spencer-Churchill is the youngest of four children: both her elder sisters are married. She, of course, lives with her mother, Lady Blandford, but she is often the guest of her American sister-in-law at Blenheim Palace.

## Royal Birthdays of the Week.

The last week of September is singularly rich in Royal birthdays. To-day (28th) the King and Queen of Portugal both celebrate their natal day, a really curious coincidence and one rarely found even among less exalted couples. Their Majesties are closely related to King Edward through the Saxe-Coburg branch of our Royal Family, and Queen Marie-Amélie pays one yearly visit to this country in order to pray by her father's grave at Weybridge. The Duchess of Cumberland and her daughter, the newly wedded Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, both receive the congratulations of their many devoted relations in England, Russia, and Denmark to-morrow (29th), and the young bride is entertaining a large party at her husband's splendid seat near Hamburg. It is said that the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess will shortly pay a visit to this country.

## A Royal Musician.

At the Bach Celebration, which will be held at Leipzig on the first three days of October, a certain Herr von Hesse will figure at the organ. This is the Landgrave Alexander Frederick of Hesse, whose brother married the sister of the Emperor, and who is himself the son of a Prussian Princess and heir to the Grand Ducal crown. In spite of his position, the Landgrave leads a very retired life, surrounded by a little circle of poets and musicians, and spending most of his time playing on the organ. He has performed several times for the benefit of charities, but always incognito. He is almost blind; and spends the summer at one of his castles, and the winter in Paris.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY AND HIS FIANCÉE, THE DUCHESS CECILIA OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.

Photograph by Fritz Henschkel, Wismar.

*"Novar."*

Mr. Munro-Ferguson, M.P., who has been severely shaken by a fall from his horse, is known in the Highlands by the name of his Ross-shire estate, "Novar." Travellers to Sutherlandshire may have observed the name at a little, lonely station. Mr. Munro-Ferguson is athletic and long-limbed, with a buoyant stride and a boyish face. Succeeding to the family estates when still a boy, and educated privately by his mother, he spent his youth in the Army, but twenty years ago turned his mind to politics. He has been closely associated with Lord Rosebery's political fortunes. It was when he accompanied the noble Lord on a tour to India that he met his wife, the daughter of the Marquis of Dufferin, who is now so popular among Liberals as a hostess. Mr. Munro-Ferguson has given up the Scotch Whip-ship of the Liberal Party, but has continued to speak from the front Opposition bench. He is an authority on forestry as well as on Liberal Imperialism.

*Lady Golfers.*

One of the most remarkable features of a very busy golf season in Scotland is the great number of ladies who have been playing on many courses. Even where there are special courses for them, most of the ladies prefer to play over the men's course, and their right to do so is frequently justified. Girls who have learned early under a good coach excite admiration by the gracefulness of their swing and by the length of their drives and their iron play. No longer is their presence resented on Scotch links. They have added a picturesque feature to the scene and have been welcome in many a foursome.

*An Echo of the Cricket Season.*

The "M.C.C." have just settled a curious point in cricket. In a local cricket-match the umpire was not sure whether he had allowed five or six balls, and so told the bowler to send down another ball. This ball bowled the batsman, but then the scorers pointed out that it was the seventh ball of the over. The bowler claimed the wicket, and the umpire ruled that the batsman was out, so the question in dispute was whether a man can be bowled by a seventh ball. The "M.C.C." ruled that it is the duty of the umpire and not of the scorers to call "over," and that, as the umpire had passed the seventh ball, the batsman was out. This adds another to the list of curious ways in which a batsman can be out at cricket.

*A Twentieth-Century Beauty.*

Of the many beautiful women who now adorn Society, it may be doubted if any can claim the picturesque loveliness of Mrs. Atherton, who was, before her marriage to the gallant soldier whose name she bears, one of the Misses Dean Paul. She is a sister of the present Baronet, Sir Aubrey Dean Paul, whose young wife, a Polish lady, is so well known in the musical world both of London and the Continent.



MRS. ATHERTON, SISTER OF SIR AUBREY DEAN PAUL.

*Photograph by Beresford.*

Mrs. Atherton shares her sister-in-law's musical tastes, is very clever and cultivated, and fond of art and literature.

*The Hon. Miss Napier.*

Among twentieth-century débutantes few can boast of such distinguished ancestry as can Lord Napier of Magdala's only child. This young lady, who will be twenty next year, is a grand-daughter of the famous soldier who captured Magdala, and her own father has



THE HON. MISS NAPIER, DAUGHTER OF LORD NAPIER.

*Photograph by Beresford.*

himself had a long and distinguished military record. By a curious coincidence, many of our greatest military names are now borne by daughters, and among these young ladies are at least two future Peeresses, the one being the Hon. Frances Wolseley and the other Lady Aileen Roberts.

*Lord Hastings and Prince Bismarck.*

A large section of Society is thrown into mourning by the death of Lord Hastings, one of the most popular of Norfolk landowners and a peculiarly agreeable and cultivated man. The connection of the head of the Astley family with the Court world was very close, for Lady Hastings is one of the many daughters of Lord and Lady Suffield. The King and Queen are both much attached to her, and the new Lord Hastings is His Majesty's godson, while Miss Alexandra Rhoda Astley is the Queen's god-daughter. The late Lord Hastings was at one time among the great kings of the Turf, and to the last he retained his keen interest in racing, though it was typical of the man that he never in his life made a bet. The death of Prince Bismarck will have come as a shock to his many English friends, the chief of whom was undoubtedly Lord Rosebery, who was frequently his guest in the famous country home of the "Iron Chancellor." As Count Herbert, the late Prince was quite one of the most picturesque personalities belonging to the Diplomatic Corps in the London of the 'eighties. He bore a strong physical resemblance to his father, though he was a far better-looking man. In those days he was an enthusiastic sportsman and a welcome guest at many a great English country-house.

*The Theatre in Iceland.*

Perhaps the most curious theatre in the world is that at Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland. The Company consists of twelve persons, who are all amateurs, and the theatre is only open on Sundays during the winter months. The auditorium contains about three hundred people, and the favourite plays are those of Ibsen and Björnson. But the Icelanders are now beginning to wake up to the possibilities of the dramatic art, and the Government have just voted a subvention of three hundred crowns for the theatre, while the commune has sent the leading lady of the amateur troupe, Madame Josephson, to Copenhagen to study elocution. Consequently, the Icelanders are looking forward this winter to a greatly improved series of representations.

*A Roman Catholic Peeress.*

Among last Season's Peeress-brides few excited more interest than young Lady Acton, who was before her marriage Miss Dorothy Lyon, the daughter of one of the best-known if not the best-known member of the Tarporely Hunt. Lady Acton, who is an only child, spent much of her young life in the South of France, and at Cannes she was famous as the best girl tennis-player in the pretty town. Lord Acton, who is, of course, the son of Gladstone's famous friend—the man who was said to be the most learned individual in Europe—is a diplomatist and a Shropshire landowner, and he and his young wife are likely to play a great part in the Roman Catholic section of Society.



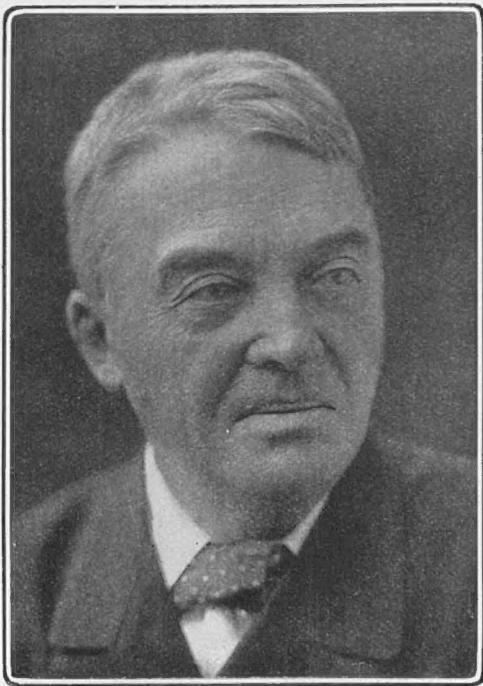
LADY ACTON, A ROMAN CATHOLIC PEERESS.

*Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.*

Company, is a prosperous manufacturer in Aberdeen, and he distinguished himself by his urbanity while he was for six years Lord Provost of that city. During his reign the city and the University buildings were greatly extended. Sir David stood as a Unionist candidate against Mr. Bryce in South Aberdeen in 1895, and made a good fight, but failed.

*Sir John Fisher.*

Admiral Sir John Fisher, who has had "Pompey," as the Portsmouth command is called, for not much more than a year, is returning immediately to the Admiralty as First Sea Lord. Sir John is famous for many things, but perhaps his name will most be had in remembrance for his membership of the famous "Committee of Three"—the others being Lord Esher and Sir George Clarke—who produced the scheme on which the Army is now being reformed. Admiral Fisher, the son of a Captain in the old 78th, is sixty-three, but hardly looks it. He is the strong man of the British Navy, which, indeed, he practically created, for he was Controller in some critical years and always kept his end up. Once he and Mr. Brodrick were guests at a City dinner, and he politely but firmly contradicted the whole theory of the function of the Army which the then War Secretary propounded.



ADMIRAL SIR JOHN FISHER, FIRST SEA LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

*Photograph by Beresford.*

most uncourtier-like sea-dog, and paid him a long private visit at "Pompey" some months ago. The Prince of Wales was there too, and the Royal party were shown not only the ordinary things kept to amuse foreign visitors, but the real secrets of the great dockyard which may be called the nerve-centre of the British Navy.

*An Escapade as an Advertisement.*

Elster, from which town the unhappy Princess Louise of Coburg escaped, is so pleased with itself over the occurrence that one of its newspapers has burst into rhyme: "Thou, who by moonlight left us so brusquely and without ceremony, and especially in a most sensational manner, receive, oh, Highness, our thanks for the advertisement that thou has given to Elster. May God protect thee!—The Grateful Elsterians." What possibilities such an example should suggest to enterprising boroughs.

*The Countess of Kerry.*

The lovely young daughter-in-law of Lord and Lady Lansdowne has won golden opinions in the Irish "Kingdom" from which Lord Kerry takes his title. The young couple have lately settled down in their new Irish home, which is known by the quaint name of "Derreen" and which is near Lord Lansdowne's principal Irish place. Lord Kerry enjoys great personal popularity in the neighbourhood, and this was strikingly shown during the South African War, for prayers were publicly offered for his safety in both the Protestant and Roman Catholic churches. Lady Kerry was one of the youngest as well as one of the most important brides of the year, and added interest was given to the marriage owing to the fact that her father, Mr. Edward Hope, is Registrar of the Council. The Hope family is one of the



THE COUNTESS OF KERRY.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.*

most ancient in Scotland, and the future Marchioness of Lansdowne is connected by ties of blood with many members of the great Scottish nobility. She is an only daughter, and has been known to Lord and Lady Lansdowne since her birth, for her own father and her present father-in-law were at Eton together and have been lifelong friends.

*Grocer-Essayists.*

The decision of the Dublin grocers not only to perform a stage-play, but to get one of their number to write it, evidently inspired the organisers of the Grocery and Provision Trades' Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall. Such practice as that afforded by essays on "How a 'One-Shop' Grocer can best deal with Railway Companies in Monopoly Overcharges," and "Laws Affecting and Governing the Trade, such as the Food and Drug Acts, the Weights and Measures Acts, &c.," should produce numerous rivals to Mr. W. B. Yeats. We would also recommend a study of Steele's unblushing puff in "Recollections of Childhood; Death of Parents; First Love": "A large train of disasters were coming on to my memory, when my servant knocked at my closet-door, and interrupted me with a letter, attended with a hamper of wine, of the same sort with that which is to be put to sale on Thursday next at Garraway's coffee-house. . . . The wine we found to be generous and warming, but with such a heat as moved us rather to be cheerful than frolicsome. It revived the spirits, without firing the blood." "Currant" topics should, however, be avoided.

*Lord George Pratt.* Eton has a wonderful fascination for its sons, and happy are those old Etonians who are able to live close to their beloved school. Such is the pleasant fate that has befallen Lord George Pratt, whose charming place, Meadow Bank, Winkfield, Windsor, is within easy distance both of Henry's holy shade and of Cumberland Lodge, the residence of his friend, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. Lord George is one of Lord Camden's two uncles. He was at one time in the Grenadier Guards, and is still keenly interested in the Army and in all that appertains to his old profession.

*Colonels Two.* Time was when a commission in the Guards meant something very different from what it does to-day, and the term "feather-bed soldiers" had at least a semblance of justification. Now, however—and, indeed, ever since the Egyptian campaign of 1882—the Guards take part in almost all our wars, big or little, except those waged on our Indian frontiers. Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert Conyers Surtees, who has just retired from the command of the 3rd Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, has seen a good deal of the real thing, for he served in the Soudan in 1884-5, and later on commanded the 3rd Camel Corps of the Egyptian Army. He has also been a "D.A.A.G." of the Southern District at home. In the Boer War he saw some hard fighting as second-in-command of the 1st Battalion of his regiment, earning a mention in despatches and the "D.S.O." Returning home, he was appointed to command the newly formed 3rd Battalion of his famous corps, in which position he is now succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel Granville R. F. Smith. Like his predecessor, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith has passed the Staff College and he also served with the 1st Battalion of the regiment in South Africa.

*A "Reflecting Star."* Prince Herbert Bismarck suffered a fate which is common to the talented sons of great men (writes our Berlin Correspondent). He was overshadowed by the genius of his father. The "Iron Chancellor" himself had profound confidence in the abilities of his eldest son, and hoped that he would inherit not only the Princely title, but also the office of First Minister of the Empire. But this was not to be. The case of the two Pitts, which Bismarck in imagination saw repeated in his own family, still remains unique. Herbert Bismarck was a "reflecting star," and when the light of his father's political activity was extinguished by disfavour and death, he, too, lost much of the attractive qualities he had possessed in the heyday of his immortal parent's power. What title he has to historical remembrance is due to his intuition in divining and executing the ideas of the "Iron Chancellor." To this capacity it was that he owed his early appointment as German Foreign Secretary and the exaggerated estimate formed by the Chancellor of his capacities.

*A Stern Hater.* In appearance, voice, and gesture, if not in intellect, the late Prince occasionally presented an astonishing resemblance to his father; and, like his father, he was

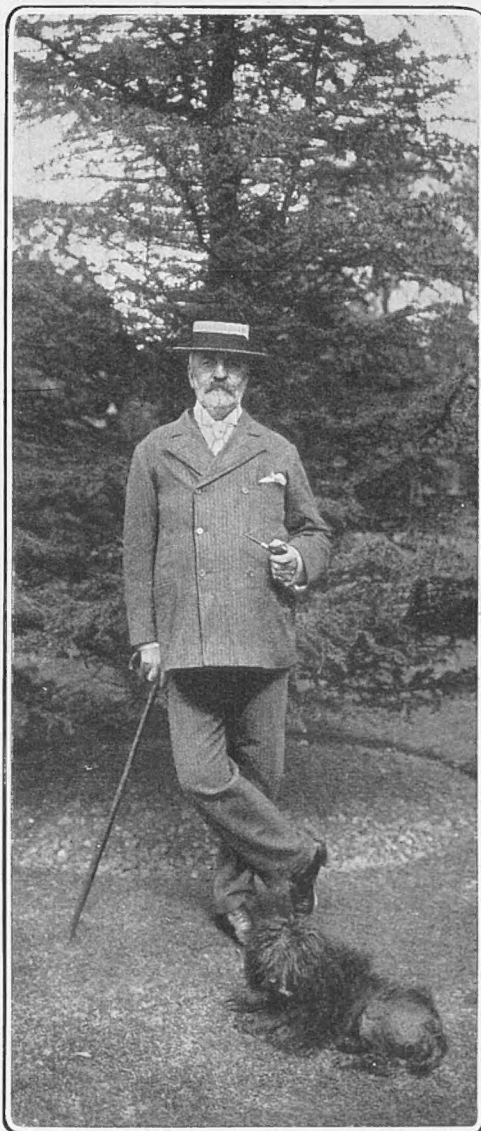
a stern hater. For, though outwardly a reconciliation was established between him and Berlin, the Prince, as a matter of fact, never forgave his Sovereign for the slight put on him on the occasion of his marriage with the Countess Hoyos at Vienna. The notification of the ceremony which was addressed to the Royal Palace was ignored, despite the intimate friendship which in earlier days had subsisted between the

"Crown Prince Herbert" (as he was ironically termed by the enemies of the great Chancellor) and the Imperial Prince William. Worse than this, orders were sent to the German Ambassador at Vienna to refrain from attending the wedding or from paying any official attentions either to Count Herbert Bismarck or to his father. After the demise of the "Iron Chancellor," Prince Herbert lived chiefly at Friedrichsruh. Occasionally he came to Berlin to attend the Reichstag debates, and at these times he was a frequent diner-out. I was a witness once of an amusing after-dinner duel between the Prince and the present Chancellor, Count von Bülow. It was shortly after the Prince had publicly designated the policy of Count von Bülow as a composition of empty phrases. Apparently the personal relations between the two were of the most cordial nature, but, on the occasion to which I refer, Prince Bismarck astonished and amused the company by suddenly interrupting the flowing periods of the Chancellor and reciting, in sonorous tones, "In the beginning was the Word—," a sally which provoked general laughter. Prince Bismarck leaves behind him two daughters and three sons, but they are none of them over twelve years old, and so quite a generation must pass before the descendants of the man who welded the Empire together with "blood and iron" can hope to play a part in the public life of Germany.

*Heir to the Italian Throne.* I hear from Rome that the birth of an heir to the throne has enormously

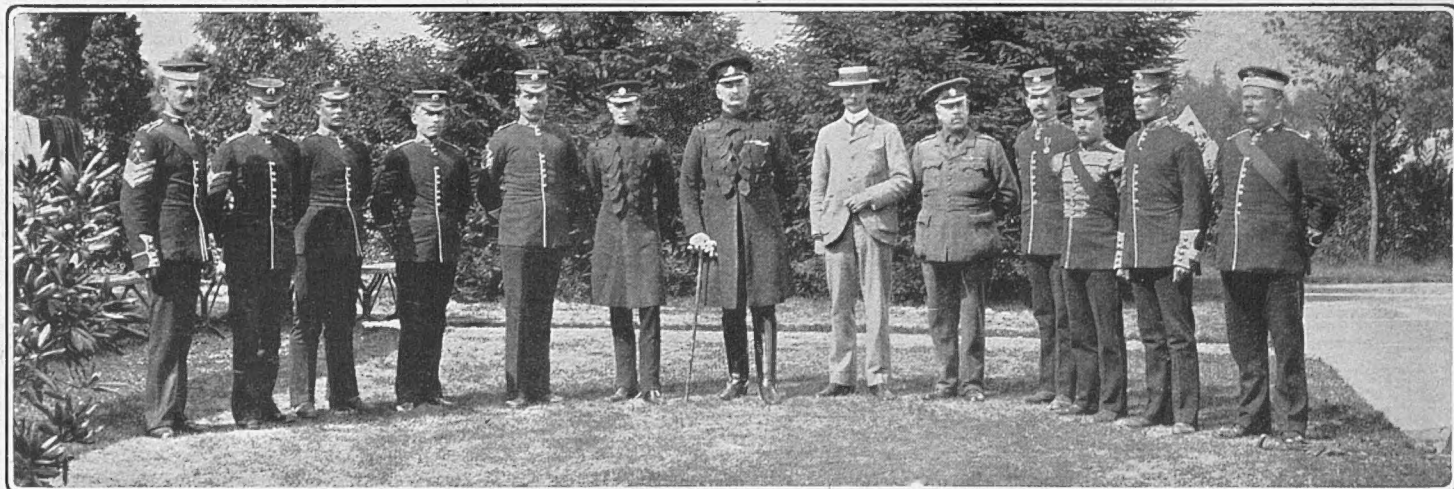
enhanced the popularity of Queen Helena. The reproaches formerly levelled by the people against Her Majesty, that she was "too little of a Queen," that, "despite her beauty, she did not shine in public life, owing to her modesty and retiring disposition," have been completely abandoned in view of her qualities as an excellent wife and mother of an heir to the Italian throne. It is true the nation, as a whole, is profoundly disappointed at the fact that the Heir-Apparent was born at Racconigi instead of Rome. It had been hoped that he would receive the title "Principe di Roma," but the charge brought against the

Government of retreating on this question before the certain outbreak of Vatican wrath that would have followed the creation of such a title may be dismissed as idle, in view of the circumstance that the two daughters of their Majesties, who might, after all, have turned out to be Princes, were born in Rome. The title, Prince of Piedmont, which the baby heir has received, is one that is bound up with the best historical traditions of the Royal House. The Kings who have done most to promote the unity of Italy bore it when they were heirs to the throne, whereas the title of Prince of Rome, besides being a novelty, would have needlessly irritated the Vatican, with whom the Italian Government desires at the present moment to live on terms of peace.



LORD GEORGE PRATT, AN INTIMATE FRIEND OF PRINCE CHRISTIAN.

Photograph by E. Brooks.



Lieut.-Col. H. C. Surtees, D.S.O. Lieut.-Col. Granville Smith.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. CONYERS SURTEES (LATE COMMANDING OFFICER), LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GRANVILLE R. F. SMITH (HIS SUCCESSOR), AND SOME OFFICERS AND STAFF-SERGEANTS OF THE 3RD BATTALION OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

Photograph by Thomson, New Bond Street, W.



### Small Talk on the Boulevards.

ARE we to have another and, if anything, an even more sensational "Affaire Humbert" in Paris during the first weeks of the coming winter (writes our Correspondent)? That is the question which is asked and which remains unanswered save by knowing shoulder-shrugs every afternoon and evening along the north side of the Boulevards, between the Madeleine and the Taverne Brébant, which bit of pavement is the Paris of the Boulevardier. Suppose for just a moment that the Marquis de Casa Riera is, as the blacksmith and claimant says he is, a mere impostor. For years he has been a Grandee of Spain, entitled to retain his hat before the throne; for years he has borne a title and has been immensely rich, with mines, plantations, a palace in Madrid, a splendid house here in the Rue de Berri, box at the Opéra, horses, carriages, automobiles, an intimate of the Spanish Ambassador, and honoured by the representatives of the Republic, one and anything but indivisible. And, if he be a mere impostor, the Marquis de Casa Riera must, as he says good-morning to himself in his looking-glass, salute a wonderfully clever scoundrel, an ultra-modern and a marvellously successful Ruy Blas. And, still supposing that the Marquis be no Marquis, what of the Don Salluste behind his splendour? For the claimant to the Riera millions declares that the intendant of the Marquis—the Puss in Boots to Carabas, as we may call him—is, in reality, his uncle and the originator of the swindle.

#### The Casa Riera Trial.

Whatever be the ultimate result of the Casa Riera trial, the case will, for a time, create almost as much excitement here as did the Tichborne case in London. The claimant, who is a poor blacksmith, but whose case is, just as the sham Tichborne's was, being backed up by his believers with a fund of ready money, is a picturesque figure, and, if he should prove to be a mere impostor, he will, for all that, have had the time of his life during the trial of the case.

The cold weather is with us, we shiver o' mornings and evenings, and, as is the case here in Paris each year when September is waning, the cry for closed cabs is heard loud in the land. But, as inevitably happens, there are no closed cabs. The rules of the Paris Cab Companies are bound in red tape and are as immutable as the much-vaunted laws of the Persians and Medes. What care the Cab Companies if Parisians shiver? It's good for the doctors, they answer. Some years ago, Sarcey, that prince of theatrical criticism, died from a cold which he caught in an open *voiture* in September. This year, though the weather is bitter, the cabs are still open, and hospitals will soon be closed to the public, so fast are they filling. But no. The closed cabs will come out on the 1st of October and will be removed in the first week in May. And whether the autumn be bleak or the early spring wintry concerns the Cab Companies not in the least. "What will you?" they say. "We have rules, then, we others." And, meanwhile, we do our best to wrap up warmly, teeth chatter, and now and then, after a first-night, you may see poor journalists trying to warm their fingers at the red lanterns of taximeter cabs. The Cab Companies doubtless have read their Molière, and remember that "Dead men are always discreet. They do not complain when they suffer."

#### A Hotel Competition.

I hear of a novelty which is to be one of the features of the coming Automobile Show in the Grand Salon in the spring. This is to be a competition for hotels, in which the hotels of France, from the largest caravanseraï to the smallest village-inn, will be invited to take part. Each hotel or inn will, in the space allotted to it, build a hotel in miniature of about the size of a small cottage, and big money-prizes are to be given to the most excellent exhibits. Here is a chance for English hotel-keepers to learn a thing or two. The French hotels are not quite as good as the Swiss, but they are incomparably superior to ours, and have a comfort about the largest as well as the smallest of them which Englishmen at home must envy.



PRINCESS MOHAMED IBRAHIM, NIECE OF THE KHEWIVE.

Photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris.



A SNAPSHOT OF MDLLE. CLÉO DE MÉRODE, THE FAMOUS  
FRENCH BEAUTY.

Photograph by Abé iacar, Naples.

## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I READ in my morning paper that certain magazine-made statements about the employment of child-labour in America have been sifted by the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics. The Bureau has no difficulty in disposing of the exaggerations of the magazine-writers, but it is left to confess that, at the present moment, nearly seventy thousand children under the age of sixteen are employed in mining and cotton-milling. The Bureau declares airily that only one United States family in ten has a child at work before it is sixteen years of age, but there can be no doubt that our busy, hustling cousins across the drink will soon raise that average if their hand is not stayed by legislation. To the unprejudiced observer it seems sufficient for a country that stands in the van of progress to have seventy thousand of its little children engaged in work that must be damaging to their physical, mental, and moral growth. Even this reckoning leaves out the children engaged in agricultural work, domestic and personal service, and other occupations in which their well-being may be considered carefully.

There has been some correspondence in my morning paper upon the vexed question of flogging in the Navy, and in the course of the letter-writing a high naval official was rash enough to endeavour to score at the expense of Mr. Bernard Shaw, who is, of course, on the side of the angels. If, after Mr. Shaw's reply, the gallant officer ventures into print again, he will be more bold than wise. Theoretically, the Humanitarians and Eccentrics have a clear case, and the enforcers of discipline stand condemned. But I suppose most people will agree that neither the League nor Mr. Shaw would care to be entrusted with the maintenance of discipline among young fellows who have ceased to be boys and have not yet arrived at responsible manhood unless they had some more effective weapon than reasonable argument within their grasp.

If the world could be run with the aid of councils of perfection, the Humanitarian League would cease from troubling; its *raison d'être* would disappear. But the Millennium is slow in coming, and in the meantime naval discipline must be maintained, or we may be invaded by an enemy that will have no respect at all for the thin skin of Humanitarians.

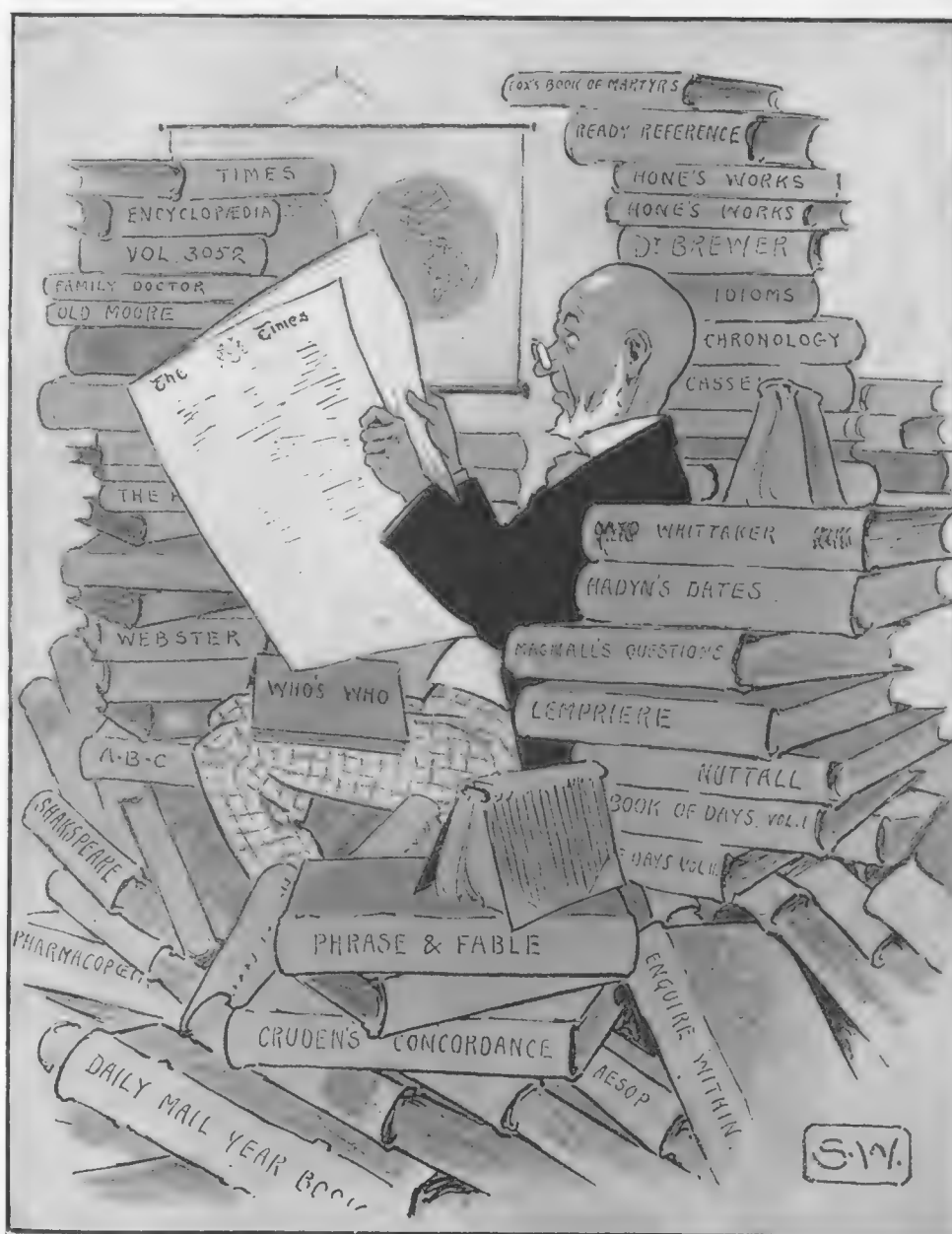
Sometimes in my walks abroad I catch glimpses of the young fellows who, if they were in the Navy, would be kept within bounds by fear of the punishments that the Humanitarian League cannot bear to think about. Not only in London, but all over the Continent and beyond the limits of Europe and the Conscription area, one sees the young man of sixteen or seventeen rejoicing in the days of his youth and the strength accompanying them. Sometimes he does no more than push harmless pedestrians from the pavement into the road; at other times

he commits little robberies or assaults, or employs sand-bag, bludgeon, or knife to help him to a living for which there is no need to work. Men of affairs recognise that if he were taken midway in his teens, disciplined, and made to exercise all his functions in the healthiest manner, it would be better for him and for all associated with him. But you cannot make omelettes without breaking eggs, and, while there is a very tender feeling for egg-shells, the omelette-maker will continue to be reviled—even by those who benefit by his efforts.

Now that we have the draft of the Tibet Treaty, secured for the world at large by that brilliant journalist, Dr. Macdonald, the *Times*

representative at Peking, it is impossible not to see that Great Britain has scored a very considerable triumph. British officials or men appointed by Great Britain will be installed at all the great trading-centres to see that fair play is given to our traders; the famous Chumbi Valley, which has a strategic importance of the highest value, is to be occupied by British troops until the indemnity of seven and a-half million rupees has been paid by the Tibetans. If I were not a British subject, I might be curious to learn on what grounds the people of Tibet are required to pay so large a sum; but, being a Briton, I know it must be all right. It is expected that the Greek Kalends will witness the payment of the last instalments, and, for the rest, it may be remarked that the Chumbi Valley is a very healthy spot, where soldiers can live in comfort. Lords Curzon and Kitchener must be feeling very pleased with themselves just now, for it is an open secret that neither the Foreign nor Indian Offices approved the whole of the programme that the Viceroy put before them, and were inclined to "let I dare not wait upon I would."

If the Tibetans are really anxious to pay that indemnity, I can make them a suggestion. Let them send emissaries to this country and New York to wait upon the leading Tourist Agencies and arrange to put every place of interest between the Chumbi Valley and Lassa within the reach of the globe-trotter. A small, graduated fee might be charged; say, one pound to go into Gyantse, rising to five for admission to Lassa, and ten for the right of entry to the Grand Lama's Palace of Potala, with extra fees for seeing the dungeons. A convent might be set aside for the manufacture of relics and "antiques" of the sort that tourists love, and in a year or two the Grand Lama will be in a position to offer the British Government his cheque on the Bank of England for the fulfilment of the evacuation pledge. And if there is a Liberal Government in power then, and Lords Curzon and Kitchener have been forced into retirement for doing their best for their country, it is probable that the cash will be accepted and the troops withdrawn.



(DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.)

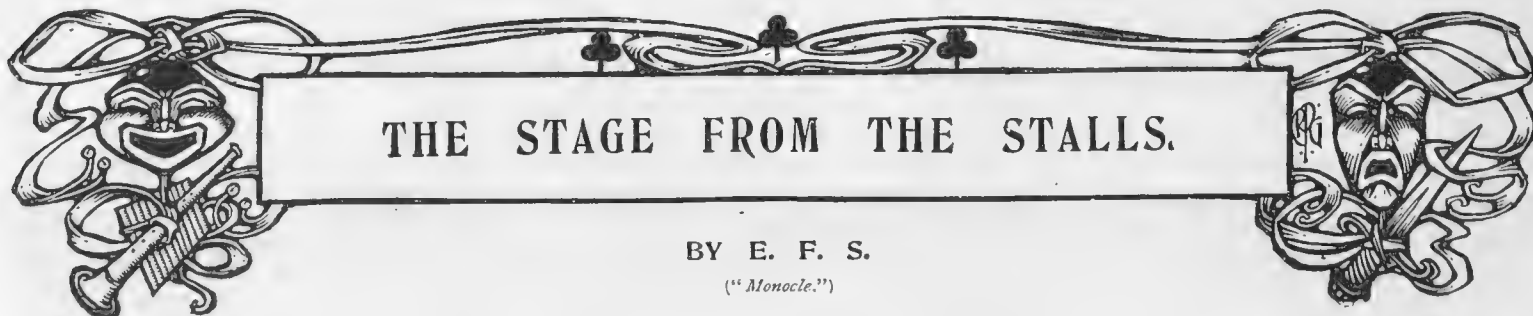
A FAITHFUL "TIMES" SUBSCRIBER READING A THEATRICAL CRITICISM BY MR. A. B. WALKLEY.

THE END OF THE SEASIDE SEASON.



"TIRED OUT!"

DRAWN BY C. DOUGLAS MACKENZIE.



## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"THE PRAYER OF THE SWORD" AND MORE ABOUT "MERELY MARY ANN."

WANT of space prevented me from dealing on this page with "Merely Mary Ann" in the serious fashion to which the piece is entitled. Mr. Zangwill has long been regarded as a writer from whom we might expect valuable plays. His former dramatic work—a clever *lever de rideau* given at the Haymarket, and "The Children of the Ghetto"—proved little as to his power of using on the stage the wit, observation, and power of invention exhibited on a large and valuable scale in his novels and stories. "Merely Mary Ann" certainly is far more promising, and yet leaves the question open whether he will become a dramatist of importance. It is impossible to resist the conclusion that his new work is a compromise. Parts of it are admirable, real drama, and parts clearly were written for the benefit of the box-office. The author himself on cross-examination would have to admit that the last Act was an after-thought; unfortunately, an unhappy after-thought. One picture, unofficially, the birth of this Act. The author has written his three-Act play. It ends without the marriage of Lancelot and Mary Ann. The manager is horrified. The hero and heroine must marry or die: British drama recognises no intermediate course. The author points out that the marriage would be a failure; the manager answers that the proof of the marriage is in the Divorce Court, and still insists that Lancelot and Mary Ann must marry or die—or never be born. The last course is suggestively coercive, so Mr. Zangwill flogs his brains, and, as the outcome, there is a last Act which, compared with the rest, is chalk to cheese: a number of jokes of assorted quality and size, a tedious comic parson, some jests by a fatuous motor-maniac, a scene of heavy marivaudage, and the acceptance of the proposal, as to the making and result of which no one has had half a moment's doubt.

Does the "B.P." demand this kind of concession? It revels in hits against marriage. One half of our national jests concern drink, and the other the miseries of matrimony. The most famous joke of last century was the "Don't" in *Punch's* advice to those about to marry. The statistics of the Divorce Court and Nisi Prius actions for breach of promise ought to tell a tale. Yet the belief is firm in the managerial mind that a play must end in an engagement to marry, or in a reconciliation, obviously but temporary, of a husband and wife, or else be a tragedy and involve blood. Clearly, Lancelot, so far as he is a human being, ought never to get married, and Mary Ann is *une sensitive* and would be unhappy with anyone. It is difficult to believe that the "B.P." is really quite childish and that it would decline to welcome the play if it had ended with the third Act. Does it matter? One is not compelled to see the last Act—perhaps, too, I may add that the other three show no signs of any attempted preparation for it. Can we ignore it altogether? By no means in judging the play as a work of ambition, which possibly it is not. The author's standard and intelligence forbid the idea that he thinks that the piece will advance a reputation such as his, though a success, financially, may open the theatre-doors to him. This may be one more case, not of pot-boiler, but of effort to win a footing from which to spring high—experience shows that, as a rule, the spring that comes afterwards is not high. What a pity this concession is, seeing how much of the play is clever, true, and amusing or pathetic, and there are plenty of clever character-sketches, particularly in the first Act, some of which might well have been used afterwards instead of the impossible collection of "Society" people who figured stiffly in the last Act. Indeed, it is difficult to see why that last Act was not contrived to pass under circumstances that would have avoided the introduction of new persons, which, so experience shows, generally are somewhat irritating to an audience. Still, one welcomes even a slightly disappointing reappearance of such an able writer, and Miss Robson is one of the most talented of the imported American leading ladies, though I could name several English actresses as well fitted in type, intelligence, and technical skill for the part as the new-comer.

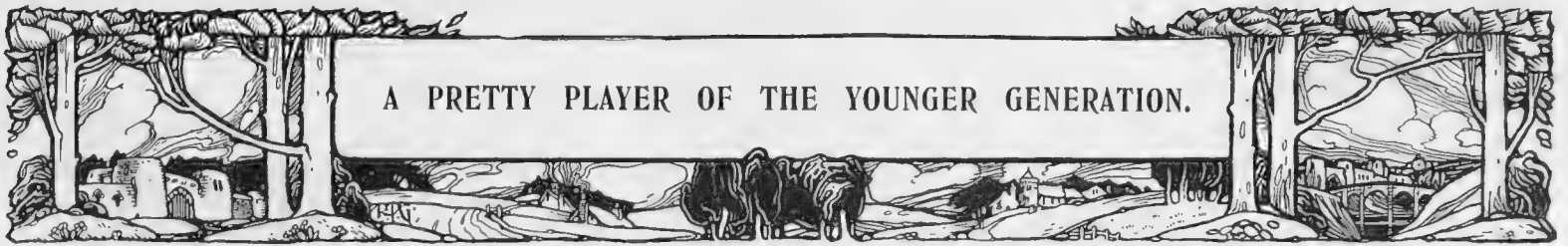
If in "The Prayer of the Sword" Mr. J. B. Fagan has not produced a tragedy, he has, at any rate, produced something with enough resemblance to a tragedy to induce some people to give reasons for their belief that it is nothing of the kind. And when a young actor (for such, I understand, Mr. Fagan is), writing in blank verse a romantic story of Italy in 1500 A.D., gets so far in the right direction as that, he may congratulate himself: few romantic dramas nowadays require any argument or giving of reasons to prove them theatrical melodrama pure and simple. Mr. Fagan has apparently gone through adventures somewhat similar to those of the hero of his play. He starts, like the young monk, with the highest ambitions. He knows his Shakspeare so well that he has some difficulty in avoiding imitation; for the love-scenes in "Paolo and Francesca" he has such admiration that he is eager to offer to them the tribute of sincerest flattery. He has a gift of writing pleasant verse which, if never particularly distinguished, is, at any rate, adequate: it sometimes shows poetic feeling, and it never becomes so theatrical as to grate upon the nerves. Further, he has an idea which might well be the subject of a tragedy: Who does his duty to humanity best, the man who sits on a hill above it and prays for it, with an eye to the saving of his own soul, or the man who risks his soul, comes down from his hill, and prays for humanity by action?

Thus equipped, Mr. Fagan may be imagined as qualifying for consecration to Art. But, like Fra Andrea, whose soul is troubled as I have mentioned, he looks down upon the world from his hill and sees many things, including Box-Office Receipts and Chances for Actors, and Miss Lily Brayton and Mr. Oscar Asche searching for a play. So, with the best of intentions, he will go down into that benighted world and elevate it by the potent influence of a five-Act tragedy in blank verse. The world has proved too strong for Mr. Fagan, as it does for his young monk; and, instead of working out the struggle of souls which the question propounded in the first Act suggests, he allows himself to be dragged away into the love at first sight, impossible riots, lurid sword-and-dagger fights, and highly coloured church-scenes which are the stock-in-trade of mere common melodrama. This so annoys a stern critic who has followed him from the hill that he curses the young author ferociously on the altar-steps and—possibly hales him back to the sacred cult of Art. Whether he does so or not remains to be seen, for Mr. Fagan has shown that he has something in him, though this effort of his runs the risk of satisfying neither the critic nor the world.

Mr. Oscar Asche and Mr. Otho Stuart have begun their career of management by showing, at any rate, that they do not mean to be eclipsed by anybody in the gorgeousness and elaboration of their setting of a production, and they have got from Mr. Franco Leoni some "incidental music" of remarkable beauty and real value as serious music which is pretty sure to outlive the play. They have also given a chance to a young Bensonian, Mr. Walter Hampden, who should make his mark as a romantic hero, if he is not betrayed into relying too entirely upon the fine presence and the rich, deep voice with which Nature has endowed him. Mr. Fagan has given the players abundant opportunity for round, full-throated declamation, and everybody does it well; and he has been bold enough to relieve the gloom by a good imitation of the Shaksperian jester, some of whose jests have quite a literary flavour, while none of them are too uproariously funny. The part is well played by Mr. Charles Angelo. Miss Lily Brayton looks charming, speaks her lines clearly, and acts with feeling as the Duchess with whom the young monk falls in love; Mr. Asche has a part which suits him admirably as the rugged villain who prevents their marriage; Mr. Alfred Brydone delivered the excommunication curse with a most moving ferocity which for some reason appeared to offend the susceptibilities of a few in the gallery; and good work was done by Mr. Lyall Swete, Mr. Charles Rock, Miss Dora de Winton, the scene-painters, and the dressmakers.



MISS JENNIE BUCKLE,  
UNDERSTUDYING MISS RITA JOLIVET  
IN "BEAUTY AND THE BARGE," AT  
THE NEW THEATRE.  
Photograph by Romney, Glasgow.



MISS NORAH KERIN, NOW APPEARING AS MIRANDA IN "THE TEMPEST,"  
AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

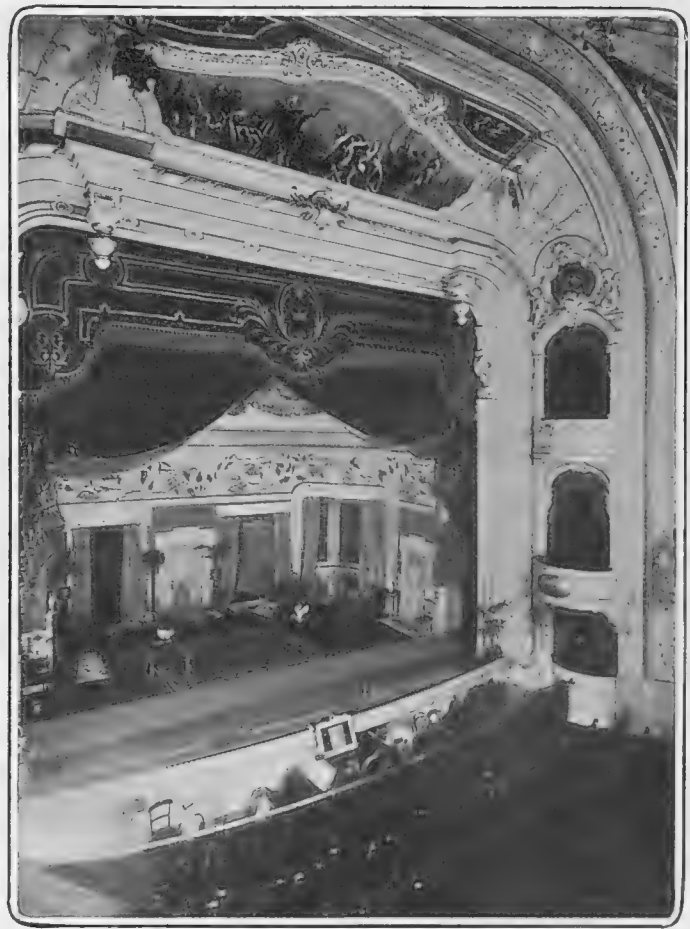
*Photograph by Langfier, Old Bond Street, W.*

## THE LUXURY OF THE SUBURBAN THEATRE:

SOME VIEWS OF THE KING'S, HAMMERSMITH.



THE EXTERIOR.



THE STAGE AND PROSCENIUM.



THE ENTRANCE-HALL.

(A SPECIAL PORTRAIT OF MR. J. B. MULHOLLAND, OWNER AND MANAGER OF THE KING'S THEATRE, APPEARS ON PAGE 406.)

*Photographs by Hall, London.*

MISS ARABELLA ALLEN (AN IMPERSONATOR OF DICKENS CHARACTERS).

NOW APPEARING AT THE LONDON PAVILION.



NELL'S GRANDFATHER.



IN PRIVATE LIFE.



URIAH HEEP.



POOR JO.



MRS. GAMP.



SAM WELLER.

## THE INTERVIEW. By AMELIA PAIN.



MRS. EWING FLUDGATE had received a polite note from the Editress of the *Nest*, asking for an interview, to be included in a series of six, entitled, "Our Birds in their Nests," and, having achieved nothing beyond two moderately good children and a few moderately bad stories, Mrs. Ewing Fludgate was delighted. She would be at home to the interviewer any afternoon next week, her mornings being always devoted to "work," and trains from Baker Street to Willesden ran, &c.

Mrs. Copley, the interviewer, in a letter of no punctuation but great amiability, had chosen Monday at five o'clock.

Mrs. Ewing Fludgate was preparing to snatch that morning from "work" and to devote it to household touches, such as re-grouping the drawing-room bamboo, scattering a few books and papers about to give it the literary tone it so conspicuously lacked, placing a few flowers in prominent spots, instructing Jane to have the children fully charged in case it should be necessary to fire them off during the afternoon, and so on and so forth, when Fate intervened. Fate, as a matter of fact, was to be dead against her on this day of days, and led off at the early hour of eleven by sending obstacle number one, in the shape of Fräulein Knause. Fräulein had been a conscientious music-teacher to Mrs. Ewing Fludgate in her youth, and had since developed into a too conscientious friend. She turned up periodically for lunch and tea, and (if one were not very careful) for dinner.

Mrs. Fludgate, however, faced the music bravely, and the way in which she sat and assisted in the digging-up of the bones of her youth, for the hundredth time, did her every credit. She was casting about in her mind for the politest method of indicating that Fräulein might stay to lunch but must depart immediately after, when Fate again interfered, this time with a telegram—

"Must make lunch two o'clock. Sorry.—FARLING."

Good gracious! And she had forgotten all about it. But for this Heaven-sent wire she would have lunched quietly at home, and by three o'clock Aunt Farling's will would have been irreparably altered. On such cobwebs do our destinies hang! It made her hot and cold to think of it. She hunted up Aunt Farling's note of invitation through a chaos of papers (which formed her only claim to the artistic temperament), for Fräulein must see the note to believe it. There it was: "I shall expect you on Monday at 1.30 with one of the children. Sorry I cannot ask both, but I am still a sufferer, as you know" (she had just defied her fifth influenza), "and am not yet fit for much worry or fatigue. Bring the elder."

Well, Mrs. Fludgate would have preferred it if this expedition had fallen on a less auspicious day; but, on the other hand, it had advantages. It definitely disposed of Fräulein Knause, for one thing, and, though the luncheon-hour was late, it would be quite easy to be home in time for those artistic touches which would tell so much to the interviewer. She was the widow of a retired Colonel (like most other women), and, to judge from her note, genteel, diffident, and painfully amiable. As for Aunt Farling, she need never know that the

invitation had left her mind, day or night, since she received it, and all might yet be well—if Fate permitted. But she didn't. By way of a fresh move, it began to rain just as it was time to start—not hard, but gently and firmly, necessitating a feverish change of foot and head gear. Hilda-dear, aged six, had been dressed to an accompaniment of shrieking disapproval and monotonous argument, which must now be renewed. Also Mrs. Fludgate had mislaid the large mosaic brooch which she was always obliged to wear at Aunt Farling's (for obvious diplomatic reasons), and, finally, the train to Baker Street, taking little or no account of these misfortunes, was only just caught by the last hair of its tail. To improve matters, Aunt Farling was in one of her resigned-martyr moods (she had wired from her dentist's in the morning), and pushed aside all dishes requiring mastication with the air of being personally affronted by them. This led to unfortunate questionings from Hilda and a copy-book reprimand which reduced her to a sulky silence broken by gulps.

After lunch, Aunt Farling had arranged to let her maid take the child to the "Zoo," as a special and peculiar treat. Mrs. Fludgate explained, with infinite sugar, that an engagement with a professional interviewer would necessitate hasty flight after the cheese, and tried to impress her with the importance of the occasion; but Aunt Farling only felt that her own importance was being cheapened, and resented it quite unmistakably in her own sweet and sunny way.

In her anxiety, nevertheless, to appear properly regretful at this early departure, Mrs. Fludgate again only caught her train at the cost of her dignity, and sank back against the cushions of an overfull second-class compartment with her heart pounding, her nerves tingling, and the conviction that all the world was conspiring to ruin the one interview of her life. But another trial to her nerves was still to come.

Children catch a mood as easily and as mysteriously as they catch measles or any other derangement, and Hilda-dear, a prey to the fidgets, immediately began swinging her feet against the shins of a small boy opposite—a boy with a loyal sailor-hat and a right royal squint.

"Would you kindly ask your little girl to keep her feet still?" said the boy's mother, speaking with studied calm and at the same time ostentatiously wiping the mud from the boy's shins.

"Keep your feet still, Hilda," said Mrs. Fludgate, still panting.

Hilda kept them rigid for two seconds and then swung them with reactionary vigour.

The lady opposite shot a blasting look at Mrs. Fludgate and placed her umbrella in front of Hilda, as a rampart.

"You do not seem aware," said Mrs. Fludgate, with withering politeness, "that your umbrella is wet."

"You do not seem aware," echoed the enemy, "that your child's boots are smothered in mud."

"Kindly remove that umbrella," said Mrs. Fludgate, getting pink.

"Certainly, if you will move that child," said the other, her fur in full bristle.

"I have paid for the seat and she shall keep it," said Mrs. Fludgate, getting crimson. "You are at liberty to remove *your* child."

"I shall do nothing of the kind. He was sitting perfectly still."

Mrs. Fludgate firmly removed the wet umbrella with her foot. The enemy replaced it. Mrs. Fludgate rose majestically as the train stopped at Kilburn, and called, "Porter, porter!"

"Allow me!" came hissing into her back-hair, and the enemy, armed with the boy, hurtled past her and out at the door with the final shot: "There are people with whom one cannot sit in the same compartment." And Mrs. Fludgate had the partial satisfaction of seeing the squint and its author tear through the slanting rain to another carriage, whilst she was left to ponder on the brilliant retorts which she had not made.

This episode had, at any rate, the effect of restoring Hilda-dear to a state of giggling good-humour, heightened by a drive home in a station-cab. There was no time for walking. As it was, Mrs. Fludgate had a breathless rush to get through the many things which still remained to be done—a change of gown, the curling-tongs, the orders for the best tea-service. She saw the interview in her mind's eye: "A home of singular refinement; a charming boudoir littered with books and papers; a woman of keen intellectuality; two gifted children; a wealth of perfumed flowers." She must be discovered writing busily. A small pot of roses on her desk—yes—no; it looked unworkmanlike. A cactus—no, nothing but the writing materials. Which chair? The blue damask one with—no, something severe. That was the one—with the hard seat. She had hardly grouped herself on this, with pen in hand, when the bell rang, and Ellen, laboriously trained, threw open the door and announced "Mrs. Copley" in her best manner.

Mrs. Fludgate veered round gracefully in her chair and faced—the squint's mother.

Only it was not his mother. It was his aunt, and she had dropped him at her sister's house on the way here from the station. So, at least, it transpired later on. For the present, the interview was of the briefest and quite unpublishable, and Mrs. Ewing Fludgate is still an unknown bird in a hidden nest.

# *Dudley Hardy in the Tyrol.*



"TYPES OF MOUNTAINEERS."

## THE FASCINATION OF LITERATURE: SOME DISTINGUISHED AMATEUR WRITERS.

**D**URING the last twenty years Society has slowly but surely invaded the business and productive side of literature.

The great ladies of the eighteenth century not infrequently patronised men of letters, but the first Peeress who ventured into the realms of fiction—and she, alas, was a very *déclassée* Peeress—was

D'Orsay's fair friend, the Countess of Blessington. Even in those days there were many aristocratic poetesses, but the only serious work of imagination which we can recall as having been then written by a great lady was that powerful and sombre story, "Ellen Middleton," published—we think we are right in saying—anonously, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the late Lord Granville's sister. This book was immensely discussed, and undoubtedly owed something of its vogue to the fact that the writer belonged to the most fashionable and exclusive section of early Victorian Society.

Then came the vogue



THE COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE.

*After the Painting by Miss Coleridge.*

of memoirs. Many women belonging to the Court world followed Queen Victoria's example, and published portions of their diaries and accounts of their travels, while others, again, turned their attention to the past, and edited, often, it may be said, in a very delightful and erudite manner, the literary remains of their own and their husbands' famous ancestors.

But the most advanced of these literary ladies would have been amazed and rather shocked could she have foreseen that a time would come when the names of Duchesses, Countesses, and "smaller fry" would be included in Mudie's list of current fiction. Such, however, is now the case, for both the Duchess of Sutherland and the Duchess of Leeds have published volumes of stories which have, on the whole, made a direct and honest appeal to the reading public. The Duchess of Sutherland had a long apprenticeship. As a child she wrote for *Little Folks*, and before she had published "How I Spent my Twentieth Year" she had frequently contributed to leading reviews and magazines under the transparent pseudonym of "Erskine Gower." After an interval of ten years came her Grace's first serious piece of work, the curious, thoughtful story entitled "One Hour and the Next." Three years later—that is, two years ago—was further published by her a collection of short stories, entitled "The Winds of the World," and it is said that now the Duchess is on the point of bringing out another long novel. The mistress of Stafford House should inherit literary power from her father, who was a most graceful poet and erudite scholar.

The Duchess of Sutherland shares her gift with her half-sister, Lady Warwick. This clever lady has a most versatile pen, though she has not as yet attempted fiction. The most important literary work published by Lady Warwick has been her volume of Joseph Arch's Reminiscences, while last year she published an elaborate two-volume history of "Warwick Castle and its Earls."

The Duchess of Leeds, who was before her marriage Lady Katherine Lambton, one of a remarkable family of thirteen brothers and sisters, has really fine literary taste, and would probably have made her mark as a writer of short stories and of verse even had she not been born in the purple. Some years ago she published "A Lover of the Beautiful," but her latest volume, "Capriccios," attracted more attention, several of the stories of which this book was made up being much above the average, though some of the critics quarrelled with the writer for having given a foreign name to her collection of tales. The critics of both the ducal novelists are much disappointed that they make no attempt to show the life which they know best and which would undoubtedly interest their readers; but, so far, the

world has had to be content with the account of Trentham written by Lord Beaconsfield in the most famous of his political novels.

One of the Duchess of Leeds' sisters, Lady Pembroke, has also a great love of literature. She once wrote a charming account of Wilton House, Lord Pembroke's splendid place near Salisbury, noted for its literary associations, for there Sir Philip Sidney composed his wonderful "Arcadia," while, according to tradition, Izaak Walton wrote his "Compleat Angler" on the banks of the River Nadder, which runs through the grounds.

The Primrose League is responsible for the making of many books, and few are the great political hostesses who have not at some time or other joined the great army of writers. Several made a very successful literary début in the *Anglo-Saxon Review*, a sumptuous publication founded and edited by Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, still better known under her old name of Lady Randolph Churchill. Among the contributors to this publication were Lady Londonderry, who wrote a most interesting paper on the great Lord Castlereagh; the Duchess of Devonshire, who edited some amusing letters of the loveliest of her predecessors; and Lady Dorothy Nevill, who had, however, often written before.

Of the great London hostesses, scarce one but is an occasional contributor to the serious reviews. Lady Jeune has often written thoughtful articles on the social problems of the moment, and it is said that the world will soon receive a novel from her pen. Such a book will be welcomed with a good deal of curiosity, but it is a strange fact that up to the present time no really first-rate novel of fashionable morals and manners has been produced by a member of the world therein described, if the one solitary exception be made of Lady Ridley's admirable though painful study of modern life, entitled "The Story of Aline."

Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton is better known to the public as a writer of plays than as a writer of articles or novels, but she has published one story, and is, it is said, engaged on a long novel, as well as on a play to be written in collaboration with Lady Betty Balfour. The latter is a niece of one of the most successful women writers in Society, the clever author of that enchanting country-book, "Pot-pourri from a Surrey Garden."

Play-writing has naturally attracted the attention of Society, the more so that Mrs. Craigie, who is essentially of the world worldly, has scored so brilliant a success in this difficult art. Lady Troubridge, the sister of the young Countess of Dudley, has actually had a play produced in London, and many smart ladies are credited with the intention of making their bow to the public behind the footlights. Among these may be mentioned Mrs. Clayton Glyn, who wrote "The Visits of Elizabeth"; Miss Eleanor Norton, a daughter of Lord Grantley; Lady Helen Forbes, who has written several successful novels; and, last not least, Lady Colin Campbell.



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

*After the Painting by Ellis Roberts.*

Of those who have turned their attention to that somewhat neglected branch of contemporary literature, stories for children, may be especially mentioned the Countess of Jersey, who, in the intervals of more serious work, published a delightful volume entitled "Maurice; or, The Red Jar," which was followed a year later by "Eric, Prince of Lorlonia."

The latest titled recruit to the literary world is Lady Cromartie. This young Peeress in her own right published last spring a volume of fanciful and poetical tales entitled "The End of the Song."



THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

*After the Painting by Ellis Roberts.*

THE FASCINATION OF LITERATURE: SOME DISTINGUISHED AMATEUR WRITERS.



THE DUCHESS OF LEEDS.

*Photograph by Kate Pragnell.*

HON. MRS. ALFRED LYTTELTON

*Photograph by Esme Collings.*

MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST.

*Photograph by Lafayette.*

LADY JEUNE.

*Photograph by Thomson.*

THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY.

*Photograph by Gillman.*

THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

*Photograph by Alice Hughes.*

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY has completed his large work, "A History of Criticism and Literary Taste of Europe from the Earliest Texts to the Present Day," by the publication of the third volume, which deals with modern criticism. The book is the outcome of enormous reading. Very few persons can profess to have trodden the whole ground, and I certainly am not one of them. There are uses in the result of Professor Saintsbury's labour. He has, at all events, made the path easier for those who are to follow. That the book will be accepted as a standard is by no means probable. Professor Saintsbury is a very bad writer and a very second-rate critic. He is entirely without charm and imagination. He is the slave of pedantic formulas. In his view, criticism is simply the expression of individual likes and dislikes. It has no rule, no law, no principle. The critic, in Professor Saintsbury's view, has nothing to do with the thought of his author. His business is simply to say that a thing is good or bad. If the great critics of the world had gone on this tack we should have been poor indeed. But so huge a book by so well-read a man cannot be without interest, and there is interest in Professor Saintsbury's work—the interest of autobiography. For example, his note on journalism is worth extracting. He praises journalism for the facility and audacity which it confers: "No doubt, the facility which it gives may turn to slovenliness, and the boldness in attempting great tasks to levity; but this need not be so—M. France himself is a convincing evidence in the one case, at least, and there is no doubt that the practised habit of undertaking complicated things at

short notice and of doing the day's 'darg' in the day protects a man from that 'impossibility of getting ready,' that 'not knowing how to begin,' and still less how to finish, which has sterilised even genius so completely." This will carry some readers back to the times when Mr. Saintsbury was the chief light of the *Saturday Review*. He worked very hard and his articles were not without interest. But, all the same, when he went on to the *Saturday* it was a great power, and when he left it, it counted for practically nothing.

The chief merit of Professor Saintsbury as a critic is his catholicity. He is, as he tells us, a person of very definite political and religious opinions, but it is to his honour that he has tried to be fair. On this point he has a good sentence: "It may not be easy to preserve the critical attitude when you love; that attitude is gone without hope of recovery as soon as you hate." Mr. Saintsbury's general view of the critic's duty is expressed as follows: "He must read, and, as far as possible, read everything—that is the first and great commandment. If he omits one period of a literature, even one author of some real if ever so little importance in a period, he runs the risk of putting his view of the rest out of focus; if he fails to take at least some account of other literatures as well, his state will be nearly as perilous. Secondly, he must constantly compare books, authors, literatures indeed, to see in what each differs from each, but never in order to select one because it is not the other. Thirdly, he must, as far as he possibly can, divest himself of any idea of what a book ought to be until he has seen what it is. In other words, and to revert to the old simile, the plate to which he exposes the object cannot be too carefully prepared and sensitised, so that it may take the exactest possible reflection; but it cannot also be too carefully protected from even the minutest line, shadow, dot, that may affect or predetermine the impression in the very slightest degree."

The first and great commandment is surely very hard. Nobody can read everything. All the ages, and all the languages, and all the nations, and all the books coming and to come—who can compass these? If to read everything is essential, then the race of critics must gradually disappear as time goes on and books accumulate. What is possible and desirable is that a critic should know the very best books, and that he should then betake himself to the thorough study of one period. He may hope to get a good knowledge of one plot in the garden by the diligent labour of a lifetime, and may even hope to produce something on his theme that may survive him. Professor Saintsbury knows everything, but he knows nothing, and there is not a book of his that has any permanent value or that can be resorted to either for pleasure or for safe guidance. He is like a celebrated foreign painter who settled in London and in course of time picked up a little English. The English was never good, as any Englishman could tell. He had a little French, but Frenchmen knew it to be bad French. Finally, he forgot much of his native tongue, as a countryman discovered. The case was solemnly summed up by a friend: "It is as I have always thought. — knows no language."

I am looking forward with considerable interest to the Life of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge which Mr. Heinemann has announced. Lord Coleridge at one period of his life was diligent as a literary critic. He contributed articles to the *Christian Remembrancer*, a quarterly of these times, and to the *Guardian*. I am pretty well convinced that he wrote the remarkable article on "Villette" which was the only critique to which Charlotte Brontë ever replied in public. If he wrote that, with its companion papers on the Brontës, he was certainly a very considerable critic.

Mr. Heinemann announces two new books by Mr. W. S. Maugham. One is a novel, "The Merry-Go-Round." I understand the plot is practically that of Mr. Maugham's recent play, a play which was much admired by experts, if it did not win the public favour. The other is "Impressions of Andalusia," a country Mr. Maugham has often visited.

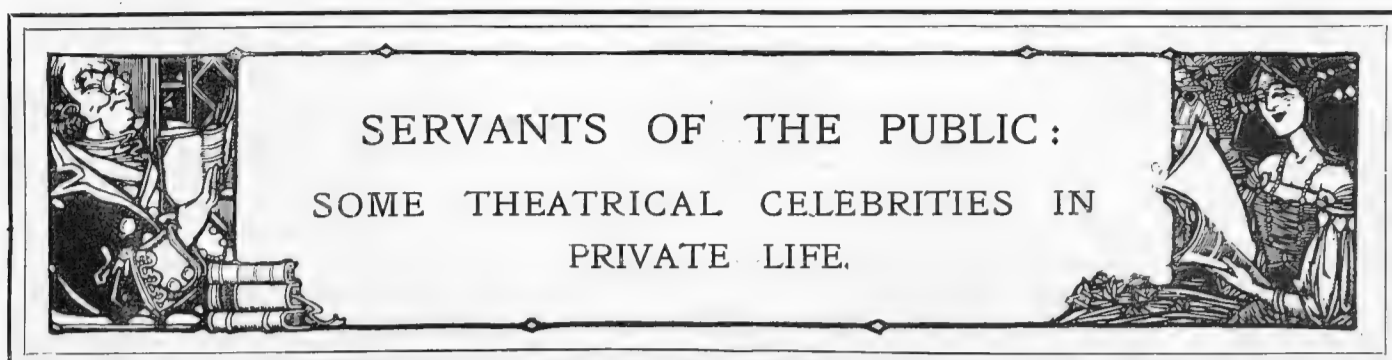
Mr. Edmund Gosse will be represented this autumn by two books—one a monograph on Coventry Patmore, in which he will be seen at his best, and another entitled "French Profiles: Studies in the Literature of France." O. O.



[DRAWN BY GEORGE J. GILLINGHAM.]

MICHAELMAS.

"Don't you love Michaelmas Goose?" he sighed;  
 She looked at her dainty shoe:  
 "Of course," she said, "I adore it, Duke,  
 If the Michaelmas Goose is—you!"



MRS. BROWN - POTTER AT MAIDENHEAD.

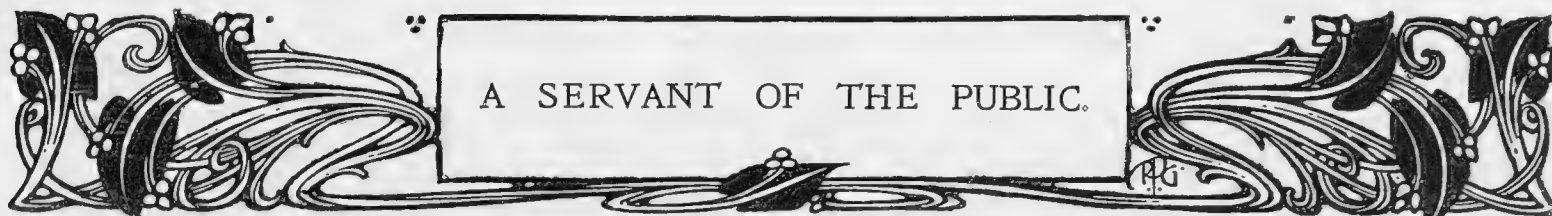
*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.*

## A SERVANT OF THE PUBLIC.



MISS LILY BRAYTON (MRS. OSCAR ASCHE),  
LEADING LADY IN "THE PRAYER OF THE SWORD," AT THE ADELPHI.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.*



MR. OSCAR ASCHE,  
LEADING MAN AND "PRODUCER"—FOR MR. OTHO STUART—AT THE ADELPHI.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.*

## SERVANTS OF THE PUBLIC.



MR. H. E. MOSS, MANAGING-DIRECTOR OF THE LONDON HIPPODROME, AT MIDDLETON HALL, MIDDLETON, N.B.

*Photograph by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside.*

MR. J. B. MULHOLLAND, PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER OF THE KING'S, HAMMERSMITH, AND PIONEER OF THE SUBURBAN THEATRE.

*Photograph by Hall, London.*

## FIVE NEW BOOKS.

**"MOROCCO."**

By A. S. FORREST AND  
S. L. BENSUSAN.  
(A. and C. Black. 20s.)

To the colourist Morocco has always offered irresistible temptations, and Sunset Land, which has lately been the subject of books not a few, has now moved a knight of the brush and a knight of the pen to join forces for its description in yet another volume. The result is the entire justification of the undertaking. "Morocco, painted by A. S. Forrest, described by S. L. Bensusan," is a record with paint-box and pen of a recent journey from Cape Spartel to Red Marrakesh, "most African of Moorish cities." The seventy-four illustrations, reproduced by a veritable triumph of the English three-colour process, prove that in Morocco Mr. Forrest found genuine inspiration. The extraordinary effects of light and climate have undoubtedly entered into the artist's soul, and only a painter who lived close up, as it were, to his scenes and his models could have caught the contrasts with fidelity to their bold brilliancy and yet have evaded the crude and the raw, pitfalls ever lurking to entrap the colourist in the Orient. No less successful in its sympathy, truth, and richness is Mr. Bensusan's text. Tourists whose *viaticum* is the coupon do not see Morocco as Mr. Forrest and Mr. Bensusan saw it, for the personally conducted seldom get beyond Tangier, where, after dinner, they visit with a rascally guide the coffee-house by the great Mosque. "There they listen to the music of ghaitah and gimbri, pay a peseta for a cup of indifferent coffee, and buy an unmusical instrument or two for many times the proper price. Thereafter they retire to their hotel to consider how fancy can best embellish the bare facts of the evening's amusement, while the True Believers of the coffee-house gather up the pesetas, curse the Unbeliever and his shameless relations, and praise Allah the One who, even in these degenerate days, sends them a profit." On the political as well as the social aspect of Morocco the author has many shrewd observations which students of European questions will ponder with attention. He believes the dissolution of the Empire to be at hand, and he mourns the imminent passing of a kingdom that "has preserved for us the essence of the life recorded in the Pentateuch." With dismemberment its picturesqueness must vanish, and in that unfortunate day Messrs. Forrest and Bensusan's record will acquire new significance and value as an historical document.

**"GENEVRA."**

By CHARLES MARRIOTT.  
(Methuen. 6s.)

It was as a conscious stylist that Mr. Charles Marriott made his earliest mark in fiction. This fact gives a certain charm to some of the utterances which he has put into the mouth of one of his newest characters. "Well, well!" observes Uter Penrose, the mentor of the Cornish poetess Geneva, "these modern writers! Ten sloppy adjectives to one little, starving noun, like a pot-house bill of Jack Falstaff's. Sack? Oceans of it. Remember this, Jenny: literature, prose or poetry, stands or falls by the verb or the noun. They are the ribs and the bones of it . . . and it's the bones that last." There is truth in this, and the acquaintance of the worthy Penrose is worth making. His part in the fortunes of Geneva, an unaccountable and wonderful being, was well played. Geneva is introduced to the reader reciting poetry of her own composition in a wood. The hero, a stranger, is painting a picture not far off. His presence was disturbing to Geneva. They met a little later, and the inevitable happened. But the inevitable turns out to have no finality about it. Indeed, as it seems to us, Mr. Marriott has woven here an unsatisfying story. Geneva the artist is throughout more alive than Geneva the woman. This, of itself, may be reckoned an achievement, so difficult is it to make imaginary poetesses either plausible or interesting. But the vain sacrifices made by Geneva, the halting close of her life and adventures, the strange evaporation of passion once realised, leave a sense of disappointment behind them, which is not dissipated by recollection of the distinctive power with which Mr. Marriott deserves to be credited.

**"RIMINGTONS."**

By H. C. BAILEY.  
(Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

With "Rimingtons," Mr. H. C. Bailey has joined the ever-growing army of writers who seek, more or less satisfactorily according to the skill of the individual, to root up the romance buried beneath the prosaicism of business. Wisely, however, he has not allowed the daringly commercial to outweigh the purely sentimental in his story. Rather the reverse: it is the fiction of figures only so far as the manipulation of figures is necessary to part and to draw together again the two personages in whom the author desires to enlist the chief interest of the reader. The crushing of the corner in lobium, and the promotion, fall, and upraising of the Nobala Company are well enough, but had the story been confined to them, had the entangled love-theme been eliminated by the tape-machine, the result would probably have been far less satisfactory. As it is, this medley of Cupid and cupidity seldom fails to hold the attention, and seldom conjures up visions, as others have done, of a pedantic Professor of Mathematics exercising an untrained hand at novel-writing. Occasionally its style is too staccato, occasionally it suggests that its author wrote it with his left hand grasping a travelling-bag, at least once the use is permitted of an adjective unornamental in

any book, whether it be in character with the user of it or no; but, as a whole, the book is eminently readable, the characters essentially human as to the quantity of their faults and the quality of their virtues.

**"NIGEL'S VOCATION."**

By W. E. NORRIS.  
(Methuen. 6s.)

Founded on the unoriginal scheme of a will so devised that it is calculated to cause endless complications in the lives of those it affects, Mr. W. E. Norris's novel yet contains much that is fresh. To begin with, the inheritor under the will is a probationer in a Benedictine monastery, and leaves his retreat with much doubt and heart-burning; to continue, he imagines himself in love, falls willing victim to a designing woman, dissipates in order that he may be freed from his first engagement, is flouted, and repents; to end, he re-enters the monastic seclusion. Briefly, he flies from St. Benedict to Benedick, from Benedick to Benedictine, or something akin, and from Benedictine back again to St. Benedict. His progress, although long-drawn, is certainly not without interest. Mr. Norris has gauged his exceptional hero to a nicety, and never fails in his delineation of him; his vagaries, his leanings now to the church, now to the world, his mild affection for one girl, and his mad affection for another, are all a part of the man, not merely of the man's wrappings. Equally, those whose life-threads are interwoven with his are human beings, not puppets tricked into a semblance of humanity. Greater and lesser, they are true. Ethel Dallison, beautiful, scheming, conscienceless; Monica Ferrand, destined to be the sport of her own innocent but capricious mind; Lord Lannowe, the affectionate, worldly-wise diplomatist; Bessie Scarth, the blunt; Cuthbert Gretton, the manly; Humphrey Trenchard, the plotter; Robert Scarth, the pugnacious—these are but some of a number of admirably drawn characters.

**"THE HAPPY VALLEY."**

By B. M. CROKER.  
(Methuen. 6s.)

It is indeed a triumph in its way to have succeeded, as Mrs. Croker has in the present volume, in escaping the perils of the commonplace and in imbuing this simple account of the doings of a fishing-party in Norway with such a charm and freshness that it is quite a disappointment when the end is reached. Mrs. Valdy, a widow with small means, has the idea of keeping on her fishing-lodge, that she shared with her husband in happier days, and taking paying "rods." So great a success does she make of her scheme that the demand for rods at Randval never flags. Girls have always been taboo, but, needless to say, for the purposes of this tale the iron rule has been broken through, and there are no less than two exceedingly attractive maidens, besides the lovable old maid to whom we are indebted for the story of this particular summer. Mrs. Croker has mixed her ingredients with great skill: a very fair amount of love, of the best and most wholesome kind, with never a hint of mawkishness; a little mystery about one of her girl characters; a serpent in the Eden, in the guise of a middle-aged man whose ill-natured gossip rebounds on his own head and makes little difference to the happiness of the party; enough description of the scenery and people to give local colour; not too much fish jargon to weary the layman; and the result—a delightful tale all about nothing which is real enough to give us the feeling that we ourselves can but just have returned from "The Happy Valley" and that we shall certainly go again next year. Ah! Mrs. Croker, if it really exists, you will have all your readers asking the address.



THE LITTLE PIERROT.  
Drawn by Hilda Austin.

**THE LITTLE PIERROT.**

A saddened little Pierrot, sick at heart,  
From the revelry and laughter crept apart;  
For his Pierrette had fled  
With a gentleman in red,

And his heart was very heavy, for she'd bidden him good-bye;  
So he wandered all alone until the moon had risen high,  
And at last a sob escaped him as he murmured low, "I'll try  
To forget  
Pierrette!"

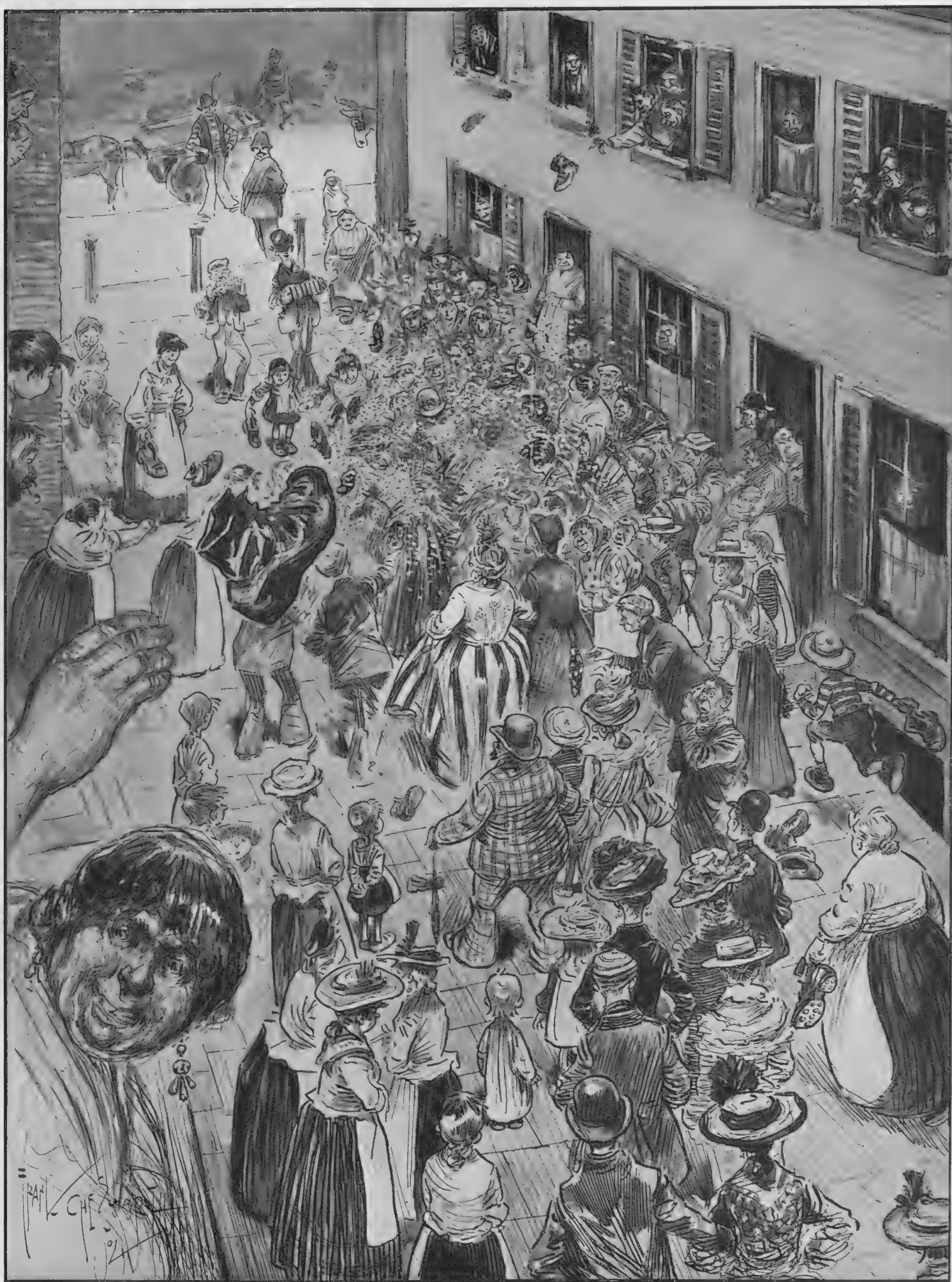
E. C.

*Overheard in the Channel—By Starr Wood.*



"OH, THAT'S WHY THE BOAT GOES DOWN SO MUCH ON ONE SIDE, THEN, MUMMY!"

*Dahn our Alley. Drawn by Frank Chesworth.*



## THE HUMOURIST IN A BOHEMIAN CLUB.



"Look here, I've been waiting twenty minutes! Aren't there any waiters about?"  
"Yes, Sir. How many would you like?"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

A NOVEL  
IN  
A NUTSHELL.

MURPH'S KID.  
BY  
MARGERY WILLIAMS.



HE was known by no other name in the vicinity of Walker's Buildings; where custom harked back in many ways to the primitive. It amounted to the dignity of a title, conferring on him as distinct an individuality as did his red, scrubby hair, and the tattered calico frock which was his chief equipment in the matter of clothes. Murph's Kid had the soul of a philosopher, which soared above the small details and subterfuges of life. It did not affect him that other boys of his acquaintance were at four years old promoted to knickerbockers and jackets. He wandered tranquilly about in his calico skirts, oblivious of comment. His own inclinations were to Adamite simplicity, and, when washing-day afforded the opportunity, he escaped from bondage to hover about the tenement staircase in a grimy and quite inadequate shirt.

It is significant that the youth of Walker's Buildings never sought to affront Murph's Kid on the subject of his clothes. He might wear anything or nothing. In this world, where might is right, he walked secure in the possession of an ominous reputation, partly due to his own achievement, partly the reflected glory of a father whose periodical appearances heralded the kind of row that stood out luridly against even the annals of Walker's Buildings and brought heads out of window in thrilling anticipation. Murph's Kid, trailing his limp cotton skirts before the respectful gaze of his fellows, used to boast loudly of this parent's fame. He represented him as a being who would smash Walker's Buildings with a blow of his fist and chant a war-song on the ruins. Jimmie Dickinson, whose father was in penal servitude for the assault of a policeman, once tried ineffectually to establish a sort of counter-importance on the strength of ancestry; but it was proved that the policeman had died only because he hit his head against the kerb, and Jimmy was forced to an inferior position in the background, as having attempted prominence upon false pretences.

The mother of Murph's Kid was a small, wan-faced woman with a melancholy voice and traces yet of that almost startlingly delicate prettiness which is the heritage of so many of London's daughters, and which even frizzed side-locks failed to mar. She used to weep as she dragged her small son out of those free-fights which solaced the leisure moments of Walker's Buildings, and cuff his red bullet-head with a kind of hopeless energy. She had a heavy hand for so small a woman. Murph's Kid submitted to her interference with a contemptuous tolerance, and returned later to the fray as a giant refreshed. The other women watched these conflicts passively.

"Murph's Kid do be the terror!" they said.

Murph's Kid could only recall having seen his father once, but his reverence for him, based upon the supremacy of personal strength, amounted to a form of hero-worship. It supplied an unfailing inspiration for his own pose before the other children. He swaggered and blustered with greater conviction, dreaming of the day when he would be a grown-up man and would descend periodically from the realms of worldly glitter to cause chaos and trembling among a craven community. And, if it is true that each man's heart is a temple to his desires, then the heart of Murph's Kid must have resembled a battlefield on Saturday night.

His ideal was sordid because it was coloured necessarily by the only world he knew, lit by the flare of naphtha lights and resonant with curses, but it was an ideal none the less. Somewhere under his grimy calico frock there dwelt the soul of a great fighter. Perhaps it was the distorted reincarnation of some unknown Celtic ancestor who had moved in a mystic atmosphere of war and glory. Had he lived to grow up he might have gone out into the world and fought its battles.

But Nature shows the wastefulness of the artist in that she frequently sketches out great schemes only to obliterate them unfinished.

Not far from Walker's Buildings is a big thoroughfare. By going up a narrow alley and turning to the right, Murph's Kid could stand on the kerb and watch the world go by. It was the one occupation which appealed to him above and beyond the joy of fighting. He used to stand there, a small, absorbed dreamer, his eyes fixed on the passing tide of traffic, his body thrilling to the nearness of action, the stir and trample of the city. The murk and grime and glitter drew and held him, like a chip on the edge of a vortex. Men and women going eternally about their business jostled him this way and that; but he was in the grip of a great emotion, and to a native of Walker's Buildings bumps were part of an accepted environment. He held his ground, his small, sturdy feet braced to the pavement, his gaze glued to the passing pageant—lumbering vans and brewers' drays, and occasional cat-footed hansoms steering deftly between the heavier craft of the street.

The big policeman who, stationed at the crossing, directed this mighty stream of vehicles knew Murph's Kid well by sight. Sooner or later, he was sure to turn his glance mechanically in the direction of the calico frock and red head, with an assumed fierceness.

"Here, you kid," he called, "go on home! Move now—off with you!"

And to Murph's Kid this varying formula was the curfew of his joy. He aroused from abstraction, drew a long sigh, and started back obediently, albeit with dragging feet, to the mouth of Walker's Alley. He had for the law, as personified by blue coats and brass buttons, a contempt in the abstract and a profound respect in the concrete which was wholly hereditary.

"My fawther," he used to boast after these excursions, "my fawther, 'e c'r take 'n' smash any perlice wot ever lived! My fawther——"

The other children listened deferentially. Whatever the achievements of his father, Murph's Kid, at least, was capable under provocation of prompt and effective victories. He could be safely defied only from the opposite side of the street.

One evening Murphy came home. There followed a period of interest and excitement for Walker's Buildings. It was summer-time and the sounds of conflict floated down from the open staircase windows. Murph's Kid sat on the alley kerb, remote from the row, sucking a lump of toffee wrested from Jimmie Dickinson, and listened with joy and pride writ large on his dirt-grimed face.

"That's my fawther!" he announced shrilly to all within earshot. "That's 'im wot's makin' th' row!"

He arose and marched up and down the alley, chanting, his tattered cotton skirts fluttering about his legs, sucking the toffee loudly between his bursts of declamation. He kept one eye fixed watchfully on an upper window.

Presently Murphy came out. He stood for a moment, swaying, in the open doorway, while the neighbours drew a little further back toward their respective dwellings and adopted instantly a pose of complete disinterest. He glared at everyone. Then he lurched up the alley in the direction of the public-house on the corner.

Murph's Kid watched his progress dreamfully. His mother came out, red-eyed and with one hand to her pretty, dishevelled head, and joined a little knot of women near an opposite doorway. They began to commiserate her loudly. When their sympathy allowed her to get in a word edgewise, she alluded to her husband passively as a pig.

Near the end of the alley, Murph's Kid discoursed boastfully to an elect few.

"When my fawther comes outer the pub.," he proclaimed, "when my fawther comes outer the pub., 'e'll take 'n' lick everyone! 'E'll smash the lot er youse, 'e will! 'E——"

Jimmie Dickinson snorted contemptuously.

"Garn——"

Murph's Kid rounded on him swiftly and struck him with clenched fists. In a moment they were rolling on the pavement, struggling in the primitive grip of tooth and nail. There were sounds of rending calico as Jimmie clutched desperately at his adversary's garments. Murph's Kid was on top; he was breathing in big gasps, sobbing aloud in his excitement and delight, weeping tears of prospective victory. In the midst of it his father bore down suddenly upon them from the door of the public-house.

The group scattered and fled with howls. Murph's Kid held his ground. His frock was torn from hem to waist-band, and there was a smear of blood on his cheek where Jimmie's nails had found temporary hold.

"Bin fightin'!" said his father. "Ver' well. 'S'grace th' neighbour'ood. Bin fightin'!"

He reached out his big, unsteady hand and struck the child on the side of the head. It was not a hard blow, but it caught Murph's Kid, shaky yet from excitement, at an ill-balanced moment. He stumbled, sprawling gutterwards, and his head met the kerb with an ugly, short thud.

Murphy stood, looking down. He was on the moment completely sobered. He took a step towards the gutter and paused. Then he went forward, and, stooping down, lifted the small heap of grimy calico in his arms.

"Tommy," he said, hoarsely, peering down into the little, grey face, "Tommy, did I 'urt yer? Dad didn't mean to 'urt yer, kiddy! Tommy——"

Neighbours gathered round. One, a stout, middle-aged woman, with sleeves rolled to the elbow, pushed forward.

"Take shame t' yerself, yer overgrown beast, 'ittin' a child!" she cried. "Give 'im to me, Tom Murphy! Take shame——"

Murphy simply looked at her.

"Don't yer touch 'im!" he said.

They fell back. It was as if their habitual fear of the huge Irishman had suddenly faded; but had left in its stead a more real and different

dread. He strode through them, carrying the child in his arms, down the alley towards the tenement doorway. They watched him as they would have watched the progress of a stranger.

He carried the child upstairs to the disordered room which was their home, breathing heavily. Nondescript washing hung from strings stretched from wall to wall. There was a smell of raw spirit and wet clothes. A chair lay overturned in the middle of the floor, and he pushed it aside with his foot.

He laid him down on the chair-bedstead in the corner, and, looking dazedly about, fetched from somewhere a piece of blanket and laid it over him, tucking it in with shaking fingers. There was in all his movements a curious, clumsy care, a deliberation.

Someone had found the mother and told her. She was in a neighbour's kitchen, standing with a half-empty tea-cup in her hand, and when she had listened she simply put the cup down on the table and turned quietly to come away. Had they told her that her husband had returned and was smashing more of the furniture, she would probably have broken out into hysterical weeping. She had that curious quality of courage which fails at trifles and meets the worst with a rigid calm.

When she entered the room, Murphy was kneeling by the side of the chair-bedstead. With one big, work-roughened hand he kept smoothing nervously at the blanket.

"Tommy," he was saying, "Tommy, Dad didn't go fer t' 'urt yer. Dad was on'y 'avin' a bit er fun with yer, kiddie!"

She crossed the floor silently and stood at his side. After her first glance at the small face against the chintz mattress she shut her lips tightly. Murphy had not heard her come in, but he seemed to know that she was standing by him. He put his arm about her waist as he knelt. She did not push it away.

Suddenly he lifted his face. His voice rang cheerful, unsteady.

"Look; 'e's a'right! 'E's a'right; ain't yer, Tommy? Why, 'e's—'e's a-laughin'. . . 'E ain't 'urt, on'y—on'y——"

His voice died away into hoarseness. He fingered the blanket for a moment, aimlessly. Then he dropped his head against the dingy folds and began to sob, helplessly, chokingly. Her hand moved to his, which was still about her waist, and his hard fingers gripped on hers, clutched and held them.

The cool, kindly air of the summer evening came in through the open window and stirred the hair about her forehead. At the end of the alley a piano-organ began to grind out mincingly a popular tune.



"NOW THEN, YOU AND YER BLOOMIN' MONKEY CAN JUST CLEAR HOFF, 'COS YER AIN'T GOIN' TER PLAY THAT THING 'ERE."



## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE regulation with regard to the prohibition of smoking in theatres, which is one of the points in the recent list issued from the Lord Chamberlain's Office, has, not unnaturally, been a good deal discussed in the Green-room. As a matter of fact, it is a rule which has always been in vogue in all the theatres, and has, as a matter of equal fact, always been broken in all the theatres. Actors, like most mortals of a highly strung temperament, find smoking particularly beneficial when the strain comes on their nerves, so that, rules or no rules, regulations or no regulations, they have smoked in their dressing-rooms during the performance; while when, at rehearsal, the business of the scene calls for the character represented to smoke, the actor never fails to introduce the utmost realism into the scene, so

far, at least, as the use of tobacco is concerned. Meantime, as one individual, commenting on the new rule, sapiently remarked, "it will last just as long as the old did, and that was not five minutes." As he spoke, he looked at the new poster, printed in enormous letters, which had recently been stuck on the walls.

To Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema, poet, novelist, and dramatist—whose "Songs of Womanhood" and "The Wings of Icarus" gave her a distinct position among the workers in the two first-named branches of letters, as "The Unseen Helmsman," produced by the Stage Society, gave her a place among the dramatists—the Antwerp National Theatre is about to pay a compliment by staging her play, "The Merciful Soul," which has been translated into Flemish for the purpose. This is a work in one Act which offers such special opportunities to an actor that it made a strong appeal to Sir Henry Irving, but he had to abandon the idea of producing it. Indeed, Sir Henry is hardly likely to add any new characters



MISS GERTIE MILLAR AS A YORKSHIRE LASS  
IN "THE ORCHID," AT THE GAIETY.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

to his repertoire, which will abundantly serve him during the two years to which he intends to limit his acting career.

"The Golden Light," to be produced at the Savoy to-morrow evening, has been the means of revealing one of those little incidents connected with letters which the world at large finds so very interesting. Mr. "George Daring," who, as *Sketch* readers are aware, is in private life Madame Raoul Duval, is also Mrs. Brown-Potter's sister-in-law. Her identity as an author was, however, not known to Mrs. Brown-Potter for over a year and a half after the actress had been reciting the author's poems.

Madame Duval was living in Paris at the time, but she sent the poems under cover to a friend, who forwarded them with a typewritten letter to Mrs. Brown-Potter, and the latter had recited several sets of verses before she knew that the author whom she esteemed so highly was so closely connected with her.

While the Lord Chamberlain resolutely refuses to permit such a

thing as a Biblical play to be performed in London, the American public is evidently well disposed towards the idea, provided the subject is treated with that dignity which it, of necessity, demands. In the course of the next week or two there will be produced in New York a play called "The Tents of Assur," by Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, whose name is a sufficient guarantee of the literary excellence of the work in question, to say nothing of the treatment being of such a nature that it must satisfy the most exigent requirements. Biblical themes have long attracted Mr. Aldrich, who over a quarter of a century ago gave us his poem of "The Queen of Sheba," which was followed, after a long interval, by "Judith and Holofernes."

Of more than ordinary interest is the promised production at the Court in the afternoon and evening of the last Saturday in October of Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus," in which occurs the memorable line "Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss," which, when divorced from the first two words,

is so frequently attributed to Shakspeare. The strain of the wonderful soliloquy, with the clock striking the quarters of Faustus's last hour on earth, is calculated to try the resources of any actor, and Mr. Hubert Carter, who intends to take the play on tour later on, is essaying a physical *tour de force*, to say the least, in playing it twice on the same day.

While Miss Ada Reeve has been gathering new plays by several authors, including an adaptation by Mr. Frank Barrett of his novel, "A Set of Rogues," and Mr. Calmour's "The Morals of Connie," she will not stage any of them until after she has been on tour. That will, however, be merely preparatory to another descent on the capital, for both she and her husband, Mr. Wilfrid Cotton, are resolved that London shall acclaim her as a comedy actress, pure and simple, without the musical accompaniment in which she has hitherto won her chief successes.

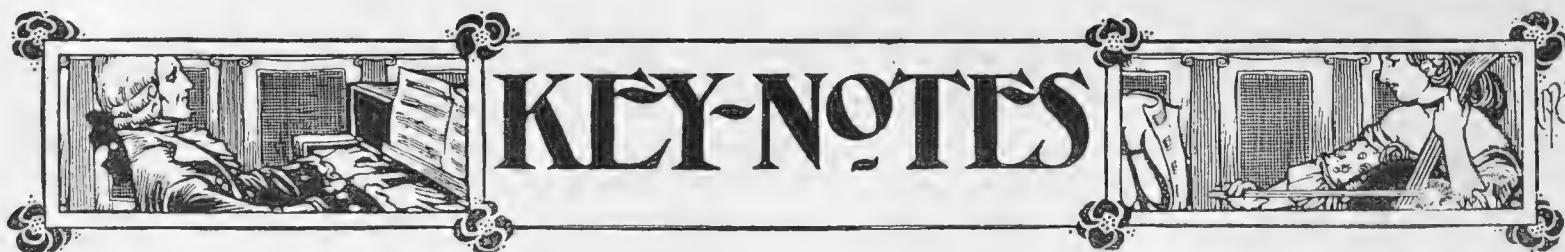


A SNAPSHOT OF MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS  
AT BEXHILL.



MISS DEBORAH VOLAR,  
WHO WILL APPEAR IN "HIS HIGHNESS, MY HUSBAND," AT  
THE COMEDY.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



A SOMEWHAT ambitious scheme, but one which indubitably will be crowned with success, has been outlined by the Chairman and Directors of the Queen's Hall in connection with a series of Symphony Concerts to take place there on Saturday afternoons, Oct. 29, Nov. 12 and 26, Dec. 10, 1904; Jan. 28, Feb. 11 and 25, and March 11, 1905, under the conductorship of Mr. Henry Wood.



MISS EVA MYLOTT, A NEW AUSTRALIAN SINGER TO APPEAR NEXT MONTH WITH MADAME MELBA AT HUDDERSFIELD.

*Photograph by Martin Jacolette.*

Mr. Robert Newman assures us that in framing the programmes "a just balance between classical and modern compositions will be kept in view, and, as far as possible, equal prominence will be given to each style." Here, indeed, one hopes that the public patronage will freely be given. For example, Richard Strauss's "Sinfonia Domestica," a work towards the production of which all English musicians are looking forward, will probably be the foremost and most important. Mr. Josef Holbrooke, a composer of singular originality and of equally singular ability, is to be represented by a new Symphonic Poem, entitled "Ulalume," based upon Edgar Allan Poe's poem; which reminds the present writer that Mr. Holbrooke will also be represented at Leeds by another Symphonic Poem based upon the play of "Romeo and Juliet."

One is sorry to note that Sir Edward Elgar will be represented by his incidental music to "Grania and Diarmid," a work which by no means represents him in any shape or form at his best. Other works which will be included in the programmes are more or less familiar to the concert-goer. One of the most excellent points about these entertainments will be that the duration of each concert will not be longer than one hour and forty-five minutes—"a policy," as Mr. Newman reminds us, "which it is hoped will meet with the approbation of both the Press and public." As to the performers on the occasion of these Symphony Concerts, it may be stated that the negotiations are not yet completed; but it may be added, for the benefit of the public, that every member of the Orchestra has undertaken to give his services for all rehearsals and concerts during the season.

Australia is prolific in fine singers, and the incomparable Melba is very kind to those of her fellow Colonials who follow in her footsteps. A case in point is that of Miss Eva Mylott, a gifted young Australian singer who, after studying in Paris with the famous Madame Marchesi, appeared in London for the first time last January at one of the Queen's Hall Ballad Concerts. Melba has shown her much kindness and Miss Mylott will appear with the greatest of Australian singers next month at Huddersfield.

We knew that it would come, and it has come. Sir Edward Elgar, by far and away the greatest English musician of the

present generation, has had his biography necessarily written within the space of eighty-eight pages\*; we say necessarily, because biographies belong to the most curious events of literature. The perpetrator of the deed is Mr. Robert Buckley, and he seems to have ample excuse, inasmuch as he recognises to the full the good things of Elgar's genius, although, perhaps, he does not quite see through the paths which Elgar has taken to reach his present prominent position in English music. That is a great pity, for it is a very great thing that a man like Elgar should be recognised at once, and as one of the great modern influences in the concern of to-day's music.

Unfortunately, Mr. Buckley has chosen a method which, if anything will retard the amazing appreciation which has been given to the great English master, will touch that point even at the hands of some of Elgar's greatest admirers. Edward Elgar, to those who have followed his music now for many years, has beyond the last half-decade been somewhat of a problem; he began, so far as the public is concerned, as a meditative and accomplished man who, semi-blindfold and with his arms outstretched, was seeking for the ideal which had already come near his soul. Pathetically enough, to our minds, it was in the Cantata, "Lux Christi," that the blind groped through a thousand dreams in the darkness of the night finally received the gift of sight, and has since, in the full sunshine of knowledge, gone forward to accomplish the great things for which he was destined.

These are the words of an admirer, but it is not really necessary to make any sort of pretence that Elgar is less than a magnificent genius. A genius has to perform the everyday acts of life; he has, as Washington Irving said, for example, "to put his boots on"; he has to walk with the customary gait of mankind; he has to dress



Miss Alice Lieberman.

MISS ALICE LIEBERMAN (WHO IS TOURING WITH MADAME PATTI) AND HER SISTER, BERTHA.

*Photograph by the Biograph-Studio, Regent Street, W.*

according to a certain convention; but when Mr. Buckley denudes Elgar from all natural processes and makes one feel that he is dealing with a kind of divinity, it is then that one understands that it is impossible to accept a description according to these terms. COMMON CHORD.

\* "Sir Edward Elgar." By Robert J. Buckley. (John Lane. 2s. 6d.)



*Elegy of the Welch Patent—The Royal Humberette—A World's Record—A Long Jaunt—Italian Cup—Balloon-Chasing—The Count of Turin.*

THE large number of guests present at the Hôtel Cecil on Sept. 16, when Mr. Harvey Du Cros, acting on behalf of the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company, Limited, invited everybody who is anybody in the sporting and business worlds of cycling and automobilism to dine, in celebration of the actual expiry of the Welch and the future expiry of the Bartlett patents, must, like myself, have marvelled that the Board had quite found the hardihood to scatter invitations broadcast, bidding all and sundry their friends to hold high revel in celebration of the death of one, at least, of the Company's assets. But the conception of such a feast was a great idea—an idea as great as the notion of the final ceremony was dramatic, a notion held secret until the last, when the Napoleon of the Tyre Trade, Mr. Harvey Du Cros, spoke the "L. E. G." (the elegy) of the Welch patent, and fired its funeral pyre with his own hand as the clock struck the hour of midnight behind him. Something like an altar, on which was a silver salver with the Welch Letters Patent standing on end thereon, was placed before the Chairman, who, after referring briefly to the history of the patent, put fire to the spirit-soaked Letters Patent, and, as they burnt to ashes, spoke the "elegy" of the Welch patent—

"Here lies Welch. He was saddle or arch shaped; he rested on a median convexity; his boundaries were inextensible; he dies, and yet he lives, no longer for the few, but for the use of all. According to Irish custom, this is his wake; these are his ashes. But, according to another Irish monumental legend, there arises from these ashes a phoenix. That phoenix is Dunlop, 'The manufacturer.' Welch is dead—Dunlop lives. He too is saddle or arch shaped; his median convexity is the world; his boundaries are extensible. May they extend! Long live Dunlop, the manufacturer!"

Important and dramatic as the event celebrated by this dinner was, I should say right here that the dinner itself, as put on by the Hôtel Cecil people, was in

every way worthy of the occasion both in quality and service, the latter, with over four hundred guests present, being a feat of celerity that I personally have never seen equalled at any function of similar dimensions, and I have attended a few in my time.

Some little time since, in referring to the Royal Humberette car, I mentioned its price as a hundred and seventy-five guineas, instead of a hundred and fifty guineas for the car constructed at Coventry, and a hundred and sixty guineas for the Beeston model. I don't know how the slip was made, but I hasten to correct it, although I am bound to say, from what I know of small cars—and my acquaintance with the whole known gamut of them is pretty intimate—that, if the Humberette does not cost a hundred and seventy-five guineas, it is quite worth it in comparison with some of the gaudily finished so-called English cars for which even higher sums are asked.

Mr. Archibald Ford, a very well-known motorist in the North of England, started on Friday last on a 15 horse-power Darracq car in an attempt to establish a world's record for non-stop runs. To effect this, Mr. Ford will attempt to drive no less a distance than three thousand six hundred miles without stopping his engine. This, if it comes off, will be a great feat and will speak volumes for the reliability of the 15 horse-power Darracq.

On Thursday morning last, two Oldsmobile cars—one the four-seated, 9 horse-power Oldsmobile which did so well in the late Small-Car Reliability Trials, and the other a 7 horse-power, two-seated car,

lever-steered—left Messrs. Jarrott and Letts' Motor Dépôt, 48, Great Marlborough Street, at ten o'clock on the initial section of a long jaunt of three thousand miles, which they are to cover in thirty non-stop runs of one hundred miles per day, covered in moieties of fifty miles in the forenoon and fifty miles after lunch. Both cars looked very smart and taut, and bore emblazoned—if I may use such a term—upon their dashboards and side-panels a map in cream of the United Kingdom, with the routes it is proposed the cars shall follow shown in a broad red line. The cars were followed in procession along Regent Street and Piccadilly by a long line of cars, which included Crossleys, Spykers, and De Dietrichs, driven by Mr. Charles Jarrott, Mr. W. Letts, and others, to Hyde Park Corner, where the final adieux were made. The observers are Mr. A. Brodie on the 9 horse-power and Mr. E. Ashley on the 7 horse-power.

At the Brescia Meeting (Italy), the Cup of Italy, run for over a distance of two hundred and thirty miles, was won by a "F. I. A. T."

car, which covered the distance in 3 hours 12 min. 56 sec.—equal to seventy-two miles per hour. Teste, driving a Panhard-Levassor, was only 42 sec. slower, while a Darracq was third. In the Light-Car class, a Darracq won in 3 hours 34 min. 27 sec., while in the four classes for Tourists' Cars "Fiat" cars scored three firsts, a De Dion taking the fourth first. A remarkable fact in connection with these wins is that all the above-named cars, together with another "F. I. A. T." and a Fraschini, that took seconds, and a Rochet-Schneider, that took third, were shod with Michelin tyres.

A double balloon-ascend was announced to take place on Saturday last from the residence of Sir John Holder, Bart., Pitmaston Moor Green, near Birmingham, in

connection with the Midland Automobile Club. Once loosed, the balloons were to be chased by members of the Club on their cars, prizes being offered for the capture of the balloons, which were only to remain in the air for a certain time and were then to descend again to earth. Balloon-chasing per automobile is a sport that yet remains to me, though, when I do take to it, I hope it will be on or driving a car which is not my own. I should imagine that the automobilist very keen on the aërostat—like "Happius Claudius" in poor Arthur Morrison's sketch, "wiv 'is heyes bin the hair"—must, sooner or later, come to grief, certainly over a dog or a milestone, if not over "a bunnle of sticks they calls fuzzes." I don't think it can be a nice game even when played slowly, although "Frankie" Butler and Charlie Pollock, who were to be the "Up-in-a-Balloon Boys," doubtless enjoyed themselves immensely with sandwiches and sherry. At least, I am sure Butler did.

The Count of Turin, who is one of the King of Italy's three first-cousins, has become of late an enthusiastic motorist. Like his brother, the Duke of the Abruzzi, he is much interested in exploration and travel, and, like the latter also, he is one of the few Royal bachelors who stand close to a great throne. The birth of the Italian Heir-Apparent lessens the Count of Turin's chances of becoming some day King of Italy. Through their mother, who was, though of non-Royal birth, the heiress of one of the greatest of Italian noble families, the Cisternas, the three brothers are immensely wealthy. The eldest of the three, the Duke of Aosta, is married to Princess Hélène of Orleans and is well known in this country.



THE COUNT OF TURIN ON HIS MOTOR.

*Photograph by Abénicar, Naples.*

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

Accidents—Newmarket—Future Events—"S.-P." Jobs—Race-cards.

THE recent regrettable accidents to Lane, Hardy, and Madden have drawn renewed attention to the fact that the older jockeys carry their lives in their hands when riding against the many apprentices that take part in races now. It is absurd to blame the starting-gate for the accidents, as starts under the present régime are certainly much fairer and much safer than they were under the old flag system. The fact of the matter is, some horses should be ridden only by men, and not boys. The tiny six-stone lads have little or no

welters, and would-be backers of Robert le Diable, who has 9 st. 2 lb. to carry this year, need not despair should the horse go to the post, which, by-the-bye, is hardly likely, seeing that Lord Carnarvon has Vril (3 yrs., 6 st. 8 lb.) also engaged. I like the look of General Cronje, who performed well behind Ypsilanti, and this may be his journey. The market over the Cesarewitch has become more lively during the last few days. The Joels, seemingly, are standing on Dean Swift, but I shall have none of him. The great street-corner tip just now is the hurdle-racer, St. Patrick's Day. He certainly holds Saltpetre safe on the book; but, then, there are others. My fancy for the race is Foundling. I hardly know what to make of the Cambridgeshire market, and can only reiterate my old stock opinion that the favourite on the day will be as nearly as possible the winner. The betting just now on this race is perplexing.



THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS: A MEET AT WINSFORD.

control over an unmanageable thoroughbred, and this to a very great extent accounts for the upheavals of form so often witnessed of late. Trainers and owners who trust bad-tempered horses to little lads do so at their own risk, but it is a question whether they should be allowed to interfere with the comfort and safety of other jockeys riding in the race. Only the other day we saw an apprentice on a really good horse, but the boy could not make the animal gallop, and he went careering all over the course, to the danger of the other horses engaged in the race. The animal referred to, of course, had nothing to do with the finish, but how will the handicappers appraise the form?

The attendance at the Newmarket First October Meeting is generally a good one, as owners visit the Metropolis of the Turf at this time to see their Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire horses at work, and also to see the youngsters engaged in Nursery Handicaps tried. The chief item of this week's programme is the Jockey Club Stakes, for which originally there were two hundred and twenty-one entries, and it will be matter for wonder if more than eight horses go to the post. Rock Sand has been specially prepared for this race, and on paper it looks a good thing for Sir James Miller's colt. St. Amant has 7 lb. the worst of the weights with Rock Sand. Of Mr. Musker's trio, Henry the First is the best; but even Henry has the worst of the argument with Rock Sand, who should win easily. Sir James Miller's colt is engaged in the Champion Stakes at the Second October Meeting, and this he is very likely to win, as Sceptre, seemingly, is off-colour and Pretty Polly is hardly likely to run, as she is due to run in France a day or two before this race is set for decision. Sir James Miller is indeed a lucky owner, as he has Rondeau in the Cesarewitch and Wild Oats in the Cambridgeshire. On the other hand, Mr. John A. Miller, a brother of the sporting Baronet, has been most unfortunate with the few horses he has in training.

A good acceptance has been obtained for the Duke of York Stakes, and the winner will take some finding. The Kempton course is an easy one for weight-carriers, as proved by the victories of Bendigo, Minting, and Ypsilanti when carrying

has been waiting to get off their horses for months and months find the animals to be dead out of form now that they have got them into handicaps to their liking. This is good news, at any rate, for vaticinators.

There is, at last, a growing desire on the part of Clerks of Courses to produce something like useful race-cards, and the time has arrived, I think, to once more put forward my old suggestion that race-cards should be provided free gratis and for nothing. This could easily be done by adding four pages to the card—one for memoranda and three to be devoted to advertisements that could readily be obtained by any smart canvasser. To give the form of horses engaged and the probable jockeys is good, but if the probable runners were printed on the card it would be better still. Theatre lessees always parade a list of artists before the public, and racecourse lessees should do the same in the matter of horses that are likely to run.

CAPTAIN COE.



THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS: GONE TO SEA AT PORLOCK WEIR.

Photographs by B. B. Spittall.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IF anyone can explain why any other one comes to London in September whom the uninteresting process of earning a living does not beckon hither, he will oblige me. The fact remains, nathless, against all reason, that dozens—tens of dozens—are, at this moment, town bound whom one would never suspect of honouring



[Copyright.]

A NEW CAPE IN RUSSIAN SABLE.

it at this juncture. Personally have I been here a whole unwilling week, and, in the effort to kill time by gazing shop-windowwards during the day and dining in restaurants by eve, have run up against an amazing number of acquaintances who all tell one that they are up for a day or two. One, newly arrived from Eastern parts, came over, some evenings since, to our table at the Savoy. "Nehar—ak koom said," quoth he (which, freely translated from good Arabic, means, "The top of the morning to you"). "And how is it I see so many mirrors of form in town instead of reflecting the sunshine in North Britain or the home counties, or elsewhere?" Which could not be answered off-hand, though it was very certain the room was fairly representative of "Debrett and decent people," in the second week of September, too.

Weddings have brought a good many country folk to town lately, so people who want to get things over quietly fix Hymeneal dates this month. Apropos, a most picturesque wedding of the various last week's functions was that at which the eight bridesmaids wore eight different tones of crimson crêpe-de-Chine, graduating from bright to very full shades, with picture-hats of chiffon to match each gown. The bride wore a beautiful lace dress bordered with eider-down, which had a pretty, light effect. For another forthcoming function, the bridesmaids are to be frocked in fine white cashmere, with muffs, stoles, and hats of ermine. This ought to have a fascinating effect seen on eight clear-complexioned maidens. Cashmere, by the way, is again becoming a vogue, and is spoken of in Paris as a new material. Now that skirts are becoming visibly inflated week by week, the soft folds into which cashmere can resolve itself are again being recognised and appreciated. Of the same date are long, drooping ostrich-feathers,

and, as a glance at any shop-window will show, few hats worthy the name are now seen without either a Paradise plume or a sweeping ostrich-feather.

Flowers do not play an important part in present millinery, those used being chiefly of the large, highly coloured variety—passion-flowers, dahlias, huge roses, and so forth—nearly all being done in velvet. Enormous picture-hats hold sway, but are as popular in colours as the very familiar black, and these big chapeaux are most modish when worn in velvet matching the gown, so that, with half-a-dozen gowns, half-a-dozen hats are a *sine qua non*, which is a charming fashion for those with adequate bank-balances but a somewhat disconcerting for the great majority who have not. Feather boas have come back as a *demi-saison* fashion, but are more seen in the pelerine variety than any other. They just give that touch of warmth and finish to a pretty costume which is so necessary when the weather is autumnal without being cold enough for furs.

On the gorgeous and costly topic of furs, by the way, I could a tale unfold concerning the enormous prices to which sables, ermine, chinchilla, and others will attain this year, but sufficient for the day is the extravagance to which we are each committed. Doubtless, if the time arrives when a sable stole or chinchilla pelerine is the desired of our eyes, the indispensable cheque will be somehow forthcoming. All kinds of unheard-of furry combinations are in preparation, and I have already seen an ermine shoulder-cape made up with otter, ermine and white fox in the same muff, while chinchilla as collar and



[Copyright.]

A SMART COAT FOR THE AUTUMN.

revers of a grey Persian-lamb coat was very successful. Mink used in scollops to border an ermine coat was smart, and stone marten judiciously allied to moleskin is another new combination. Squirrel in the natural grey and white I cannot enthuse upon. One has so grown to consider it a useful lining-fur and nothing else that its

appearance "quite on its own" as a factor in the making of hats, muffs, and caps seems unduly forward. White chenille fringes elaborate the swansdown, white fox, and ermine muffs, grey and brown chenille being used to throw up the effect of sable and chinchilla, which it does very successfully.

Anyone who ambitions a new and quite original type of costume can achieve it by ordering herself a frock of fawn or putty-coloured cloth and trimming it with four-inch fringes of the material, that are simply made by cutting the cloth—which ought to be of the finest and firmest—into narrow strands, after the manner one fashions an impromptu lace frill. A charming dress of fawn cloth with fringes of a deeper shade has just been made in Paris for Countess Lonyay, which, one hears, is after her own design, and, as Princess Stephanie had the reputation of being one of the best-dressed women in Europe, it is quite likely this new fashion is the outcome of her taste.

Talking of Paris, I hear from friends living in that gay town that the servant question has become almost as burning with them as in our own sea-girt isle. It was an idle boast to say Britons never would be slaves when every mistress is the bondswoman of her cook, particularly if she be a good one. My groaning friends across the Channel find the servant subject one for sobs, and say that, even though wages have greatly gone up of recent years, Marie and Jeanne have no longer the contented, home-staying, hard-working habits that heretofore adorned the Gallic *domestique*, but have become "nearly as bad" as the English Sarah Jane in their roaming habits, while perquisites have reached the stage of highway robbery. All of which leaves one rather consoled than otherwise, as other people's tribulations occasionally do.

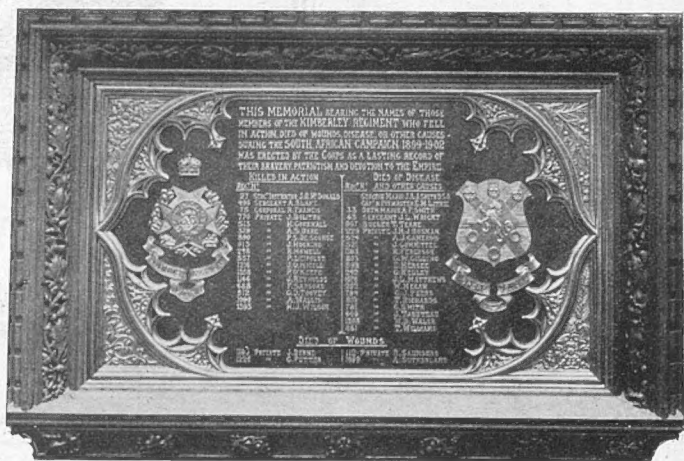
The domestic topic brings to mind a charmingly arranged kitchen done in panels of wood and tiles which gave the brightest, cosiest effect that can be imagined. It had been done by Hewetsons, the old-established firm of Tottenham Court Road, and a sketch from which the ideal *cuisine* in question was taken appears in the new catalogue just issued by Messrs. Hewetsons. In looking through its interesting pages, a bedroom suite in oak, called "The Norseman," and appropriately in rather barbaric style, strikes one as a very desirable and inexpensive possession. Entire interiors are temptingly sketched forth, as well as special separate items of the "House Beautiful," and there is no doubt that for young or mature *Hausfraus* Hewetsons' new catalogue will be found a very useful and hint-giving possession. The catalogue can be had on application at Tottenham Court Road.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

ESTELLE.—There is, of course, a big English contingent at Hong-Kong, and you will be expected to reflect accurately the latest fashions from "home" on arrival. For the grey velvet dress your soul desires, I cannot suggest a more charming model than the grey panne velours worn by Miss Lilian Braithwaite in the last scene of "The Garden of Lies," at the St. James's. It is a nocturne amongst twilight gowns. The same attractive lady figures forth very attractively in another Act dressed in billowing white chiffon and lace, over which a vivid note of colour is cast in her pelerine of crimson taffetas. Go and see the play, by all means. It will be a useful object-lesson in the Garden Beautiful as well as gowns.

SYBIL.

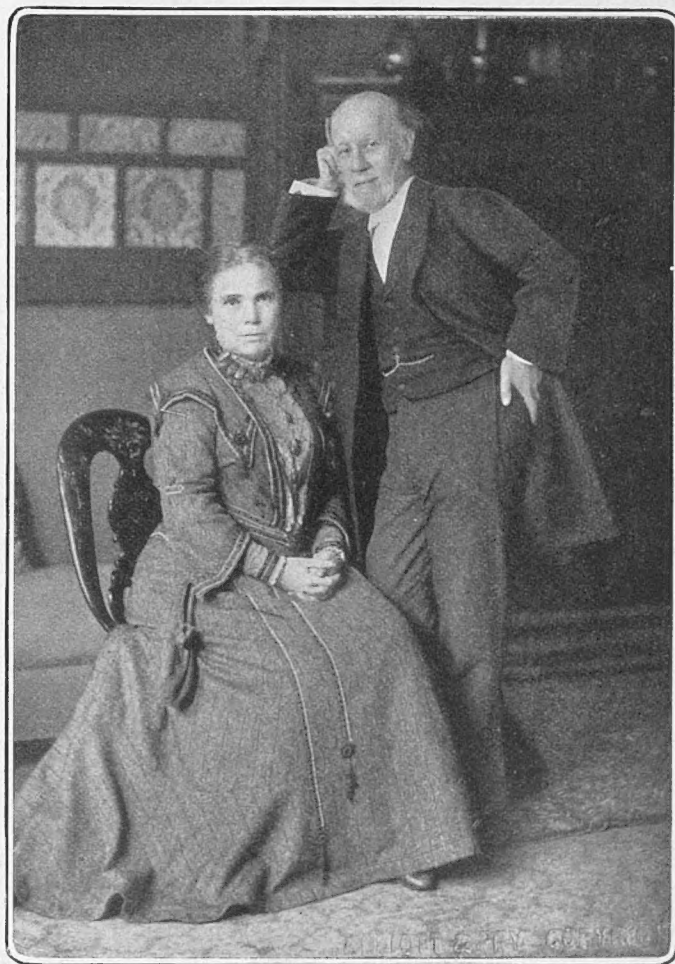
An appropriate memorial was recently erected in the Drill Hall, Kimberley, to the memory of the many brave men of the Kimberley Regiment who lost their lives in the late South African War. It consists of a handsome bronze tablet, and bears the following inscription: "This memorial, bearing the names of those members of the Kimberley Regiment who fell in action, died of wounds, disease, or other causes during the South African Campaign, 1899-1902, was erected by the Corps as a lasting record of their bravery, patriotism, and devotion to the Empire." Then follows a list of forty-one names. On the left of the inscription is the badge of the Kimberley Regiment, with its motto, and on the right the Kimberley Borough Coat of Arms. The work is in bold relief and is enriched with the emblems of the Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle, while the bronze is mounted in a massive oak frame, richly moulded and carved with an oak-leaf pattern border. The tablet was designed and executed by Messrs. J. Wippell and Co., of Exeter and London.



THE KIMBERLEY REGIMENT MEMORIAL.

#### CANON AND MRS. BARNETT.

WHEN mentioning those who have deserved well of their kind, the historian of the future will give a high place to Canon and Mrs. Barnett "of Whitechapel," as they are sometimes called. Canon Barnett was Founder and is Warden of Toynbee Hall, the first and most famous of East-End Settlements. Before devoting himself to the uplifting of



CANON AND MRS. BARNETT.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

this the most dismal quarter of modern London, he had had a distinguished University career, and then he and his devoted wife both worked long and arduously in the East-End, the Canon being Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, for twenty-two years, Toynbee Hall being formally opened in the early 'eighties. Canon and Mrs. Barnett are never weary of doing some sort of social service, and lately Mrs. Barnett has scored a veritable triumph in connection with the preservation of an important part of Hampstead Heath. She has written many pamphlets and books with a view to bringing the great laws of health and hygiene to the practical knowledge of the very poor, and, together with her husband, she wrote a remarkable book entitled "Practical Socialism," in which is given indirectly some account of what has been achieved by Toynbee Hall.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company are announcing that the "Brighton in sixty minutes" Pullman Limited Express will resume running every Sunday on and from Oct. 2, from Victoria 11 a.m., returning from Brighton 9 p.m.

With the commencement of the autumn season many members of the great world have returned to town. Among those entertaining parties at the Carlton Restaurant have been Prince Francis of Teck, His Highness Prince Aga Khan, and the Marquis d'Hautpoul, while the many other visitors have included Lord and Lady Warwick, Lord Essex, Lord and Lady Lurgan, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, Prince and Princess Henry of Pless, Lord Chelsea, the Earl of Cork, and Sir William Eden.

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## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 11.*

## ROUND THE MARKETS.

REFERENCE was made last week to the larger amount of investment rather than speculation which is now the feature of the markets. Nevertheless, Consols are dull, and so are the other gilt-edged specialties of Capel Court: the fear of political trouble is again taking an important part in upsetting a confidence that seemed on the verge of returning to the markets. Home Rails are easier upon profit-scalping by the professionals. Yankees look rather more unsteady as the time draws near for the Presidential election. Trunks are on the *qui-vive* for what may be said at Thursday's meeting, and Argentine Rails have hung fire a trifle upon the fulfilment of some of the market prophecies as regards dividends. Hudson's Bays constitute the feature of the Miscellaneous Market, having been bought by Montreal as well as London. In the Mining Markets, the new Chartered issue continues to attract a great deal of attention, but Kaffirs, on the whole, remain stupid. So do West Africans. Westralians look as though some of the leading gambles might be put better.

## CONSOL CLOUDS.

Had anyone been able to prophesy unerringly three months ago that money would be almost a drug in the market at easy rates towards the end of September, what a rush would have ensued to buy Consols! To all appearance, the ground is ripe for strength in the Funds. Cheap money, returning investors, fairly low price—here are three factors which, it must have been argued, will surely send Consols to 90. Yet it is so far from being the case that, on the contrary, Consols are worse than dull, and are being left severely alone by the investor. That individual, very wisely it seems to us, is putting his money into other stocks that yield more return and which are equally safe. Take Transvaal Threes, for instance. Here one finds the price about 97½, *cum* a dividend of 1½ per cent., which will be deducted from the quotation in less than a week, and accordingly making the price work out to 96. An Imperially guaranteed 3 per cent. stock at 96 is, to our view, considerably cheaper than a 2½ per cent. security at 88, even though the latter has the prestige and standing of Consols. Then, of course, there is the knowledge that more money will shortly be demanded by Municipal and Colonial borrowers. Offered at sufficiently tempting terms, the issues would, no doubt, go well enough, and the probability of sales of Consols to pay for the newer purchases is a factor which has to be taken into consideration. We do not think there is any considerable bull account in Goschens, and the weakness can be reasonably attributed to other causes, more important, without recourse being had to the suspicion of an over-heavy position on the long side. Competition has played havoc with Consols in the recent past, and the letting slip the dogs of war in the Far East, coming so soon after our own struggle with the Boers, must continue to operate unfavourably upon the price of even the finest security in the world. Consols may perhaps recover to 90, as a contemporary suggests, but we shall be surprised if they do, unless there come much more hopeful prospects of an early peace than exist at the present time.

## JAPANESE BONDS.

What makes a purchase of Japanese bonds so risky at the present time is, of course, the certainty that a new issue cannot be long delayed. The point in doubt is whether Russia or Japan will be first in the field to appeal for more money, although, as the countries receive support from quite distinct Money Markets, the question as to which will put in the earliest reappearance does not make much difference. Russia's flirtations with Germany are manifestly the outcome of a desire for paving a path that shall lead to the satisfactory issue of a new Loan; and evidently the Czar's advisers think it well to fit a second string to their financial bow in case Russia's friends in

France should prove less willing than of yore to furnish all the necessary funds. Japan would, no doubt, rely upon this country and the United States for money, and it is certain that she must make application for another Loan before long. Considering the circumstances, the existing issues of Japanese bonds have held their prices remarkably well, because it must be remembered that the country has not a tithe of the support for its stocks which Russia can command. Her credit and comparative juvenility as a Power, her lack of those thick-and-thin believers such as Russia finds in France, and her inability to do much in the way of supporting her own bonds in the market are all militant forces against Japan. It would seem possible that Japanese issues may have to go yet lower before a recovery can be reasonably expected, and the unexpected delay in the taking of Port Arthur may help to hasten the coming of the new Loan.

## HUDSON'S BAY SHARES.

In times past we have occasionally pointed to Hudson's Bay shares as among the best speculative investments offered by the Miscellaneous Market, and the recent advance in the price has brought the Company into prominent notice as one of the current features in this particular section. Much of the buying has proceeded from the Dominion, where purchasers do not content themselves with tens and twenties, but send orders for one hundred or two hundred shares in a line. And, what is more, these purchases are taken up in a good many cases, which shows that the bulls have grounds for assuming better prices: they are not buying with the idea of taking half-a-crown or five shillings a share profit. The harvest returns in Canada, according to a wire sent to Lord Strathcona last week, are likely to be even better than the bumper ones of last year, and, although such news is of more importance to the Trunk Market than to holders of Bays, it nevertheless possesses a favourable bearing upon the fortunes of the Hudson's Bay Company. After so sharp a rise, nobody would be astonished to see a reaction caused by sales on the part of proprietors willing to take the good price now reached, but a countervailing influence may be found in the bear account that still exists. While the prospective purchaser might do well to await a slight set-back, we should not advise a sale by proprietors who have taken up their shares, because we have little doubt that our previous prognostication of the price touching 50 will ultimately be fulfilled.

## CHARTERED CONSIDERATIONS.

Coming so quickly upon the heels of the Coronation slump, the Chartered *affaire* has done the Kaffir Circus no good. In the former case, Messrs. Barnato Brothers in one of their official announcements mentioned a fear that the bad report had leaked out before it was generally known, and they expressed a practical intention of having a full investigation made into the matter. The Chartered issue is on a different footing, but the result upon the public mind is likely to have the same effect, namely, that of arousing public distrust, and a feeling that the outsiders are too much at the mercy of those who manage to obtain early information. In times past the Chartered Company has earned well-deserved admiration for the way in which its secrets have been kept. News of fresh issues was not allowed to leak out days in advance of the announcement, and there have been singularly few charges of leakage in connection with former appeals for capital. This time, however, we regret to say, the former precedent was not maintained. Perhaps it proved impossible to hide the fact that a million new shares were to be offered, but, even if no means could be found for concealing the matter, it is a thousand pities that well-founded suspicion should fall upon quarters which should be as Cæsar's wife for reputation. Rumour substantially declares that a familiar Trust Company sold Chartered from 32s. 6d. downwards, after it had guaranteed part of the new issue at a remuneration that could not be described as unhandsome, having regard to the practical certainty that most of the new shares would be snapped up by the proprietors of the old. Unhappily, there are good grounds for supposing this report to be invested with a certain degree of truth. Nor has the dealing been confined to a single



GOLD-MINING IN WEST AFRICA: ANCIENT WORKINGS.

firm. It is no exaggeration to say that dozens of people got advance information, and sold bears upon it. We happen to know of one man—a banker who rarely speculates except upon a certainty—who sold 10,000 shares one day at 1½ and bought them back an eighth cheaper on the next, making a profit of £1250 on the deal, less, perhaps, £125 brokerage. This sort of thing does not “do,” to use the popular phrase. It becomes known, and a nasty flavour is left in the mouths of those who, perhaps, might look with favour upon the market otherwise. The Chartered Company cannot, of course, be held entirely blameworthy: it is quite possible that everything was done to keep the matter as secret as it usually is. But it is in connection with Chartered shares that the unpleasantness has arisen, and the fact will be remembered, there can be no doubt, for a long while to come, despite the notoriously short memory that the public have for such things.

#### YANKEES AGAIN.

According to some of the more cautious prophets in the American Market, there is to be good business in Yankees for another two or three months. Good business, it is superfluous to remark, means rising prices, and these optimists base their forecasts entirely upon the support that New York is expected to continue giving. Therefore, it may also be superfluously remarked that the Yankee Market is more of a gamble than ever, and we should be sorry indeed to advise a purchase of the shares now. If a bear sold to-day, and were ready to find plenty of capital with which to pay possible differences, we should say he would assuredly make a handsome profit in the long run. Whoever happens to be returned to the White House will not make much difference to the market, and, looked at from the point of view of merits, it must be patent that most of the prices are high enough, pending further developments of traffic. We are quite ready to be told that the big houses which have pushed prices up to the present levels are not likely to let the quotations slide until the public come in and relieve them of their stock. As a matter of fact, the public seem by no means eager to hold the baby, and the little excitement that fluttered Wall Street in the early part of September seems to be rather dying out, judging from the smaller number of shares that change hands day by day. On this side of the water, the speculation in Yankees is confined to the professional punters who dabble in whatever market happens to offer provision for the satisfaction of a gambling spirit; the public purchaser who takes up shares and puts them away in order to draw dividends from them is conspicuously absent. And we cannot see any good reason why he should trouble to take a hand in the gamble.

#### FROM BROKEN HILL.

Subjoined we give the latest letter which has reached us this week from Broken Hill. It will be seen that our correspondent gives a comprehensive account of the various processes now at work in treating the ores and tailings—

Broken Hill, Aug. 15, 1904.

Broken Hill is feeling very pleased with itself just now—very pleased indeed. The revival it has been anxiously awaiting for so long seems to have arrived. For the first seven months of the year lead has averaged £11 15s. per ton, and the mines have proved that, with modern methods and appliances, they can work at a profit at that figure. One time they could not; now it is different. This has been one step towards the Barrier's progress. Another, and perhaps the more important, is the advance made in the treatment of the sulphide ores and tailings for zinc. I wrote in these letters a long while back that the “zinc problem” had been solved. This was when certain treatment processes were in merely an experimental stage. Events have proved that I was thoroughly correct. Broken Hill is now steadily turning out a profitable zinc concentrate. Over 50,000 tons were sent away last year.

There are several processes at work—the Ullrich, run by the Australian Metal Company, a German-owned concern, which keeps most of its figures to itself; the Mechernich, which treats about 1000 tons of stuff weekly on the Central Mine (Sulphide Corporation); the Odling, which, so far, is only being played with; a small plant on Block 14, which has produced about 70 tons weekly; and the Delprat “salt-cake” process, adopted by the Proprietary and over which there is a deal of litigation: one C. V. Potter claims that G. D. Delprat, General Manager of the Proprietary, has infringed his patent. These processes, briefly described (and the matter is important enough to warrant space), are—

Mechernich—magnetic, dry. The Central has twenty machines in operation and is now installing twenty-two more. During 1903 these twenty produced 33,391 tons of concentrates, securing a product worth about 40·5 per cent. for zinc, with a recovery of just on 70 per cent.

Ullrich—magnetic, dry. This concentrates 27 per cent. (zinc) tailings and middlings into a 45 per cent. product, securing an 84 per cent. recovery.

Delprat—salt-cake (acid), wet. This has done by far the best work, turning 17 per cent. tailings into a product going from 43 to 47 per cent. zinc, with a recovery of up to 95 per cent. (average probably 90 per cent.).

The Delprat process is the more generally admired, chiefly on account of its simplicity. The plant is not costly and the process is more or less automatic. The Proprietary has thoroughly tested a small plant, and has now erected a larger, which has entered on its work. The two plants combined will treat over 2000 tons of tailings per week, but before long a further extension will most probably be made. One important factor in connection with the Delprat process is the use of sulphuric acid. In fact, this is the chief point about it. Sulphuric acid imported from overseas is very costly landed in Broken Hill, but the adoption of the Carmichael-Bradford desulphurising process (lengthily described in *The Sketch* some time back), primarily for manufacturing the acid, has overcome this difficulty. Slimes or ordinary silver-lead concentrates undergo desulphurising; the product is a valuable oxidised ore that can be sent to the smelters; the escaping sulphur is caught, liquefied, and stored in large chambers. The acid is chamber acid, with a strength of 60 per cent., and costs the Company, taking everything into consideration, less than 10s. per ton. The Proprietary is erecting a plant at Port Pirie, where the smelters are, with a capacity of 12,000 tons of sulphuric acid per year. This acid will be used in the manufacture of superphosphates for agriculture. So satisfied is everyone with this Delprat process that the British Mine has decided to adopt it, and Broken Hill expects to hear of the South and Block 14, and probably some others, shortly following suit.

How the zinc industry is growing may be gauged by the fact that for the first six months of 1903 the export of zinc concentrates from Broken Hill was valued at only

£39; for the first six months of 1904 the value was returned at £41,872. The Government Mining Inspector reported to his Department recently: “The zinc problem can now hardly be called a problem at all, since the zinc can be extracted at a profit from material carrying as low as 17 per cent., and a plethora of processes exist, all claiming exceptional efficiency and economy in doing the work. The only unknown factor remaining is that of solving which system will give the greatest economic advantage in minimum of cost and maximum of extraction and profit.” And what this solution of the problem means can be estimated from the fact that the 1,100,500 tons of ore raised from the local mines last year yielded 826,490 tons of unprofitable product, calculated to contain 5,029,468 oz. silver, 52,075 tons lead, and 148,516 tons zinc. This is the stuff the new processes are treating. There are now over (or about) 5,000,000 tons of tailings dumped along the line of lode, and one may safely say that these are being added to at the rate of 750,000 tons annually. The Proprietary calculates that it has 2,000,000 tons on hand, the Central 800,000 tons, the British 230,000 tons, the South 550,000 tons, and Block 10 over 500,000 tons. It will take years to treat this stuff; meanwhile, the dumps, as I remarked just now, are being added to daily.

While on figures, shareholders will be interested to know that the mines along the line of lode have “in sight” at the present time over 12,000,000 tons of good milling ores, sufficient to keep the existing mills going for seven to eight years, and exploratory and development work weekly reveals the existence of fresh ore-bodies or continuations at other levels. The Proprietary's estimated reserves are 4,250,000 tons; the Central's, 2,100,000; the South's, 1,250,000; the British, 500,000; Block 10's, 1,200,000. Only the other day, almost by accident, the British discovered at the 500-foot level the western body worked above, which had mysteriously disappeared. Drilling failed to find it, though it was in existence the whole while. This discovery considerably enhances the life and value of the mine.

By this mail English shareholders will receive the half-yearly report of the Proprietary Company. For the six months the gross profits of the Company were £126,873, but allowing £19,175 for depreciation reduced this to £107,698. During the term £18,646 was spent on construction (chiefly zinc and acid plants). The output was 2,525,576 oz. silver and 34,280 tons lead, the extraction of ore amounting to 305,512 tons. Costs all round were reduced, and the other mines have the same story to tell. The South's half-yearly report (issued last week) showed a net profit of £41,212, the result of treating 99,000 tons of ore. The lead contents of the concentrates were 10,814 tons, and the silver 402,846 oz. The recovery of the contents of the crudes was 66·22 per cent. of lead and 48·81 per cent. of silver, but later recoveries have risen to 74 per cent. lead and 56 per cent. silver. This South Mine, it cannot be too often drilled into the public's head, is one of the best mines on the Barrier, and the mine of the future. Its mill now treats about 3900 tons weekly, and its capacity is being increased to 6000 tons. The rich ore-bodies of Block 10 and the Central all run into this property, and it has others. One of its sulphide lodes is 300 feet wide!

Both the Central and the British, in which Englishmen are particularly interested, are accomplishing highly profitable work. The former (owned by the Sulphide Corporation) for the month of July milled 18,437 tons crudes for 3492 tons concentrates, the average value of the latter being 61 per cent. lead, 29·3 oz. silver, and 10·5 per cent. zinc. The output of this mine is steadily improving, though the ore keeps of an average grade. Rapid progress is being made with the work necessary to open up the deeper levels. The British mill treats from 2400 to 2800 tons of crudes per week, the ore at present averaging about 15·5 per cent. lead and 9·5 oz. silver. The concentrates go about 63 per cent. lead and 28 to 30 oz. silver. The re-discovered western ore-body, however, is richer: it goes about 23 per cent. lead.

A mine lately quoted on the London Market is Block 10, situated next to the Central and adjoining the Proprietary. Here a new plant, the most up-to-date on the Barrier, is just being completed. When it is working, about six weeks hence, the output of the mine will be materially increased. The present mill treats close on an average of 3000 tons weekly, about seven tons of crudes going to one ton of concentrates. This work will be exceeded shortly, though the ore here is proverbially hard and intractable. The North Mine mill (less than 5 of crudes to 1 of concentrates) is doing by far the best work along the line at present.

The only mines not in active work underground now are Block 14; the Junction, and the Junction North. The latter recently hit the lode at the 1137-foot level, and is now installing a magnetic separation plant for the treatment of its crudes. This is a new departure and will be watched with marked interest. The Junction is merely playing with a valuable patch of friable sulphides at the 400-foot level, rich stuff worth 33 per cent. lead and 38 oz. silver. It is raising about forty tons weekly. Block 14 is a good mine badly managed. Broken Hill has got tired of cursing the management, and is now silently waiting either for reconstruction or for the Proprietary to take it over and work it. Those genuine John Bull investors who have stuck so well to the A. B. H. Consols will be pleased to hear that it looks now as if they are to receive their reward. I say, “it looks like it”; I won't say more yet, as I have been so often disappointed over this mine.

With so many of the mines again in work and with about 6300 men in employment, it is no wonder that our mineral exports are increasing. For the six months of the year the figures were—

		First Quarter—Tons.	Second Quarter—Tons.
Silver lead: Crudes	..	4,089	4,024
Concentrates	..	61,126	64,996
Slimes	..	15,310	24,796
Zinc Concentrates	..	8,806	13,706
Copper	..	64½	83½
Tin	..	3	½
Gold	..	823	864
Value	..	£311,670	£373,663

The Governor of South Australia (Sir George Le Hunte) recently visited the Hill, and at the necessary banquet the field was given a big advertisement. The Governor-General (Lord Northcote) is booked for a visit in October, and the Governor of New South Wales (bluff Sir Harry Rawson) is also expected ere long. These visits all help to keep Broken Hill before the world; but the good work the mines are doing and the steady dividends some are now paying and others will be paying before the end of the year are the best advertisements that can be put forward.

From this it will be apparent that the Broken Hill industry is gradually getting into a more prosperous condition again, although the market for the shares in London is still lying almost dormant.

Saturday, Sept. 24, 1904.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the “City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 108, Strand.”

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CONCERNED.—It will be perfectly obvious to you that we cannot express any opinion about the shares in a friendly rival. You should write to the secretary.

G. S.—Your letter was answered by post on the 23rd inst.